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1875



ARTHUR'S
ILLUSTRATED
HOME MAGAZINE

No. 8

T.S. ARTHUR & SON
PHILADELPHIA.

VOL. II

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LUCIUS H. WARREN, President.

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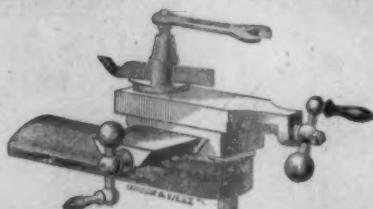
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MURRAY BACON,
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FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1875.

(Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.)

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' TRAVELING COSTUME. For description see next page.

LADIES' TRAVELING COSTUME.

The costume represented by this engraving is designed for traveling, and comprises a skirt, basque and a long full wrap or duster. The latter is made of plain and plaid linen and reaches nearly to the bottom of the suit, terminating in a broad hem. It has a wide French back and a loose sack front; the former being partly adjusted by belt-straps joining at the center with a buckle, and the latter falling undisturbed. Each side of the front has a wide under-facing of plaid and the two turn back in broad lapels that can be closed at the throat if preferred; they need a wide round collar that rolls over the top of a pointed hood, which is folded and tacked to the shape represented and finished with a tassel. Its lining corresponds with the material of the cuff's upon the loose coat sleeves, and of the similarly shaped pockets, each being supplied at its back edge with three buttons over simulated holes. The front closes in the manner of ordinary double-breasted garments. The pattern by which it was cut is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. It is No. 3979, price thirty cents.

The skirt is quite narrow and is made of brown silk, just touching the floor at the back and nicely clearing it at the front and sides. Its fullness is confined at the back by a triple box-plait, which

forms such graceful folds that no trimming is required although it may be used if preferred. The pattern used in cutting the skirt is No. 3966, price thirty-five cents. It is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and is suitable for any material.

The basque is plaited both front and back, but has long close sleeves, though the pattern furnishes a half-long sleeve lengthened with a blouse. A dart is taken up under the arm, which makes a belt quite unnecessary, though one is usually worn with this sort of waist. The back has a center-seam toward which the plaits in it turn, to correspond with the arrangement of the front. The pattern used in cutting the waist is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and is No. 3485, price twenty-five cents.

To make the duster for a lady of medium size, 9 yards of plain material and one yard of plaid will be required if the goods are twenty-seven inches wide. The waist will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods, and the skirt $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

The chip hat is trimmed with brown silk and a feather of the same color. The parasol is écrù pongee and is tied at the top with a brown ribbon. The gloves and hosiery also match and are of a brown color.



LADIES' DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT.

No. 3966.—The handsome skirt represented can be made of any dress material, with a pleasing effect. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 35 cents. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods will be necessary.



GIRLS' SUN HAT.

No. 2264.—The conveniently arranged little article represented can be made of piqué, chambrey, linen or cambric. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and costs 5 cents; $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of material, 27 inches wide, being required to make the hat for a girl 5 years old.



3938

Front View.

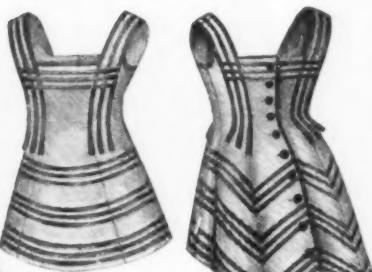
3938

Back View.

3950

Front View.

3950

Back View.

3955

Front View.

3955

Back View.

GIRLS' OVER-DRESS.

No. 3950.—To make this pretty basque for a lady of medium size, 3 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 20 cents.

No. 3955.—The pattern to this over-dress is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age, and requires 1½ yard of goods, 27 inches in width, to make the garment for a girl of 6 years. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



3962

Front View.

3962

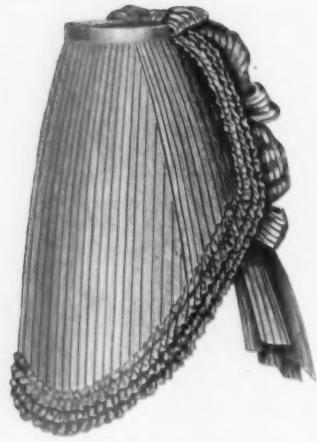
Back View.

3949

NURSES' CAP.

No. 3962.—This stylish pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the garment for a miss of 11 years, 2½ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.

No. 3949.—Swiss, lawn or cambric can be employed to make this cap, half a yard of 36-inch-wide goods being necessary. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



3952

Front View.

3952

Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT, WITH PUFFED BACK.

No. 3952.—The pretty pattern represented by these engravings is suitable for any material either thick or thin. It is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to

36 inches, waist measure, and costs 25 cents. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



3932

Front View.

3932

Back View.

GIRLS' LOW-NECKED APRON.

No. 3932.—This cunning little pattern is in 5 sizes for girls from 2 to 6 years of age. To make it for a girl of 4 years, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods, 27 inches wide, are necessary. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



3936

LADIES' CHEMISE.

No. 3936.—The pattern to this neat and pretty chemise is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 25 cents. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods, 36 inches wide, will be necessary.

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ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

1871.

AUGUST 1871.

No. 2.

History, Biography and General Literature,



CARLOW AND WICKLOW COUNTRY.

SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

FIRST PAPER.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

THE tourist in his travels around the world, will find few more beautiful scenes than that of Dublin. The people of Dublin are fond comparing it with that of Naples, though there is a lack of grand mountain scenery. The Howth goes up from the sea at the north; the Sugar and Lillony Hills show slight elevations at the south; the Double-headed Little Sugar-loaf stands near; its summit of the Great Sugar-loaf being more remote, while the dim and misty outlines of the Wicklow Mountains fade away into clouds in the remote distance to the southward. There is a quiet beauty about the scene which is very attractive, and which, if the traveller be not expecting

to much in the way of grandeur, will simply satisfy him.

The City of Dublin is reached by rail from Kingstown, where is the harbor of the bay. The city was first founded by the ancient see-kings Avellannus, and a remote writer, Staciarus, says of it: "The seat of this city is of all sites the sweet, comfortable and wholesome; if you would traverse hills, they are not far off; if a level ground, it hath of all places; if you be delighted with fresh water, the Liffey ever calleth the Liffey underneath fast by; if you will take a view of the sea, it is at hand."

Ireland is full of interest to the historian, the antiquarian and the geologist. The neighborhood of Dublin is especially rich in relics of a past age. At the north of the bay is seen a bold promontory, on a leading pinnacle of which stands the most

(467)



OLIO LAMPRELLI - ROMA

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIII.

AUGUST, 1875.

No. 8.

History, Biography and General Literature.



CARLOW AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

FIRST PAPER.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

THE tourist in his travels around the world, will find few more beautiful bays than that of Dublin. The people of Dublin are fond of comparing it with that of Naples, though there is a lack of grand mountain scenery. True, Howth rises up from the sea at the north; the Dalkey and Killeney Hills show slight elevations at the south; the Double-headed Little Sugar-loaf rises near; the summit of the Great Sugar-loaf towers more remote; while the dim and misty outlines of the Wicklow Mountains fade away into clouds in the remote distance to the southward. There is a quiet beauty about the scene which is very attractive, and which, if the traveller be not expecting

too much in the way of grandeur, will amply satisfy him.

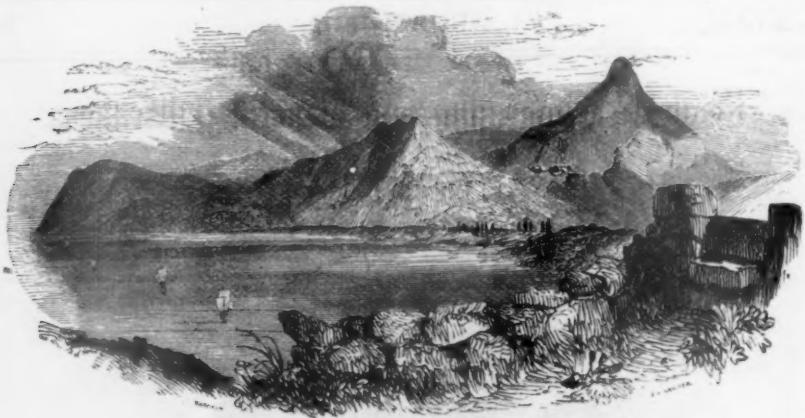
The City of Dublin is reached by rail from Kingstown, where is the harbor of the bay. The city was first founded by the ancient sea-king Avellanus, and a remote writer, Stanhurst, says of it: "The seat of this city is of all sides pleasant, comfortable and wholesome; if you would traverse hills, they are not far off; if champaign ground, it lieth of all parts; if you be delighted with fresh water, the famous river called the Liffey runneth fast by; if you will take a view of the sea, it is at hand."

Ireland is full of interest to the historian, the antiquarian and the geologist. The neighborhood of Dublin is especially rich in relics of a past age. At the north of the bay is seen a bold promontory, on a leading pinnacle of which stands the most

picturesque of Irish beacons; while in the neighborhood of this hill is a Martello tower and an ancient abbey. At this place was once the harbor, which, in modern times, has been transferred to Kingstown, on the opposite shore. If the traveller be curious, and fond of looking up objects of interest, he may land at this harbor, and discover many things worthy of his attention. There is here a ruined church, a very ancient castle, some Druidical remains and the crumbling walls of a small oratory.

other places to which also are attached historical reminiscences. The neighborhood of Dublin is rich in relics of battles, and ruins of monasteries, and fortified castles. The whole province of Leinster, in which Dublin is situated, abounds in these traces of antiquity; but it is also rich in beautiful landscapes, which will compensate the traveller who has no antiquarian tastes.

If one would see the "Garden of Erin," let him visit the County of Carlow, to the south-west of Dublin. It is almost exclusively an agricultural



THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.

Dublin presents a pleasing appearance as it is entered by the railway from Kingstown. It has numerous fine buildings—colleges, churches and governmental offices. The traveller will have his attention called to these, of course. But as this article does not profess to be of the guide-book order, it is unnecessary to mention them here.

In the southern suburbs of Dublin is found a locality which has achieved a world-wide reputation, and which, in consequence, seems to deserve some slight mention. It is no less a place than Donnybrook, where the annual fair is held. But these fairs have lost much of their former distinctive character. Tents are still pitched upon the green sward; beggars and itinerant players visit the spot, and lads and lasses make holiday, and dance under the canvas roofs; but quiet and decency now reign, where once was disorder, drunkenness and mad revel.

The village of Finglan—a favorite residence of St. Patrick, who predicted that it would be the future capital of Ireland, and who blessed a well within its limits—lies three miles west of Dublin. Finglan is distinguished as the scene of many historic events. It was here that O'Connor, paramount king of Ireland, awaited the coming of the Anglo-Normans; and hither James fled after the Battle of the Boyne, and was speedily followed by William, who encamped here with an army of thirty thousand men, and a strongly-fortified camp was built upon the spot. The spot which this camp occupied is still called the King's Field, and ruins of it remain. But it is impossible, in the limits of a magazine article, to narrate all the interest which centres around this place, or around

country; the River Barrow rolls through it, navigable for boats of considerable size; while the surface of the country is gently rolling, and green with the softest of grass and the most luxuriant of foliage. The engraving at the head of this article represents the town of Carlow, which is situated on the east bank of the Barrow. A more lovely scene than that which this town and the surrounding country presents can scarcely be imagined. The only ancient relic in Carlow is "the Castle," situated on an eminence overlooking the river, and said to have been erected by Hugh De Lacy, who was appointed Lord-deputy of Ireland in the year 1179. This castle withstood the attacks of time and war until the year 1814, when its ruin was effected through culpable carelessness in the use of gunpowder, which resulted in the overthrow of all but two towers. This castle was the scene, through all the centuries of its existence, of most important events connected with the political history of Ireland.

To the southwest of Carlow, and immediately adjacent, lies the County of Kilkenny, famous as the place of nativity of the Kilkenny cats, which managed to devour each other, all but the ends of their respective tails. The general aspect of the county is level, and the scenery is everywhere beautiful. Near Thomastown, in Kilkenny, are the ruins of the ancient Abbey of Jerpoint. The abbey was founded in 1180, by Donough Fitz Patrick, King of Ossory, for Cistercian monks. The ruins occupy an area of three acres. A short distance east of the road from Thomastown to Kilkenny is the Round Tower of Tullowherin, one of five that still exist within the boundaries of the

county. The ruins of a large church of more recent date is close beside this tower.

The first object that strikes the traveller on visiting Kilkenny is its famous castle, the ancient and present seat of "the Ormonds," standing on a small hill that overlooks the Nore. The establishment of the original foundations of this castle is so remote as to be almost lost in the night of antiquity. At all events, it was rebuilt in 1195, after having been destroyed by the Irish. It has, within the present century, been put in complete repair, and is the present residence of the family to whom it belongs. A view of it, as seen from the opposite shores of the Nore, is picturesque in the extreme.

There is, perhaps, no city in Ireland so full of striking, interesting and picturesque ruins as Kilkenny. Wretched hovels are propped up by carved pillars, and gothic doorways are not infrequently converted into entrances to pig-sties. Ruins of abbeys, churches, castles and castellated houses, are to be encountered in every quarter, some of them in a state of decay, while others have been renovated, often with grotesque effect, and made to serve as churches or dwellings.

A short distance from Jerpoint, where exists the tower already referred to, is a second tower, called the Round Tower of Kilree. Its height is a little

At a short distance from this place is the ancient town of Kells, now dwindled to a poor and insignificant village; though its former state and importance are indicated by the ruins of many churches and castles. The town was originally built by Geoffrey Fitz-Robert, one of the followers of Strongbow. The same man also built a priory, in 1183, which was filled with monks from Bodmin, in Cornwall. The ruins of this priory still remain.

Kilkenny was the most important of the counties which constituted the English pale in the Anglo-Norman period; and the whole country is strewn with the remains of their former grandeur, though the modern towns are often mean and squalid in the extreme.

Immediately to the west of Kilkenny is Tipperary, in the province of Munster, one of the most fertile and productive of the counties of Ireland. Cultivated plains, both undulating and champaign, present a pleasing diversity of rich and verdant meads and magnificent woodlands, terminated in the distance by the blue outlines of mountains. Tipperary is said to be a corruption of the Irish *Tobar-a-Neidh*, which signifies "the Well of the Plains," from its situation at the foot of the Slieve-Namuck Hills—a portion of the Galte Mountains. Other etymologists derive it



KELLS ABBEY.

less than one hundred feet; and at four feet above the ground its circumference is fifty and one-half feet. Close to it is a very curious stone cross, formed of a single block of free-stone, about eight feet high, and ornamented with orbicular figures or rings. Tradition states it to have been erected in memory of Neill Callan, monarch of Ireland, who is said to have been drowned in the river whilst vainly endeavoring to rescue one of his followers.

from Teobred-Aruin—"the Fountain of Ara." Clonmel is the principal town of this county, and is remarkable as the birthplace of Lawrence Sterne and of the Countess of Blessington. A few miles to the east of Clonmel is the ruined church of Donoghmore, one of the oldest edifices in Ireland. It carries the spectator back to the first ages of Christianity in Ireland. Its architecture is exactly similar to that of ruins in the County Derry, which belong unquestionably to Pagan

times. A few miles eastward the classic mountain of Slieve-na-Man displays its bold outline, its purple-tinted sides wreathed in gray vapor. Slieve-na-Man, says an authority, may be emphatically termed an Ossianic locality, being associated in tradition with the deeds of that bard and his father, Fin MacComhal, the Fingal of Macpherson. Until a very recent period, many of the poems of Ossian were repeated by several of the inhabitants. Slieve-na-man is also remarkable in tradition as having been the scene of the most celebrated hunting-match of the Fenians, the best

Pre-eminent among the ruins of Tipperary, are those which crown the far-famed "Rock of Cashel." The rock, rising above the adjacent country, is seen from a very long distance, its summit capped by the venerable remains which have excited the wonder and admiration of ages, and will continue to excite that admiration for ages to come. These ruins are described by an Irish orator as "at once a temple and a fortress, the seat of religion and nationality; where councils were held, where princes assembled; the scene of courts and of synods; and on which it is impossible to

look without feeling the heart at once elevated and touched by the noblest as well as the most solemn recollections."

Cashel has a history reaching far back into the past. Here, in 1172, Henry II. received the homage of Donald O'Brien, and held a memorable synod of Irish clergy. During the long and cruel contests between the Butlers and Fitzgeralds, the city was a frequent sufferer.

The White-boys—whose origin is derived from the scattered banns of Rapparees that succeeded the War of Revolution—began, according to Arthur Young, in Tipperary; and their aggressions were "owing to some enclosures of commons, which they threw down, leveling the ditches," in consequence of which they were first

CAHIR CASTLE.

description of which is contained in an ancient poem ascribed to Ossian.

Near to Clonmel is a holy well dedicated to St. Patrick, to the waters of which miraculous virtues are ascribed. It was once a favorite resort for pilgrims.

In Cahir, a few miles to the westward of Clonmel, is a castle on the banks of the River Suir, which occupies the site of a structure of the remotest antiquity. This castle has played an important part in Irish history.

Upon the River Suir is a stone bridge of great antiquity, upon which William III. is said to have signed the Charter of Cashel. The remains of an old circular round tower, which in former times protected the pass, continue in a tolerable state of preservation. In the neighborhood is seen the singular Rath, the "Moat of Knockgraffon," an artificial mound of earth rising about seventy feet above the summit of a hill on which it was constructed. At its base may be traced the foundations of an extensive castle, one of the square towers of which still exists. It was built in the year 1108, and ranks among the oldest constructions of the kind in Ireland. Tradition says that eighteen of the kings of Munster were born and reared within its walls. The Moat of Knockgraffon is indeed a treasury of legendary lore. There still exist a store of traditions of the ancient Irish kings, and of the fairies which still continue to guard their hereditary dominions, to which they are expected, at some future period, to lay claim.

known by the name of "Levelers." Dr. Campbell says: "The original cause of the rising of the White-boys was this: some landlords in Munster let their lands to cottiers far above their value; and, to lighten their burden, allowed commonage to their tenants by way of recompense. Afterward, in despite of all equity, contrary to all compacts, the landlords enclosed these commons, and precluded their unhappy tenants from the only means of making their bargains tolerable." These "White-boys" received their name from their "wearing their shirts over their coats, for the sake of distinction in the night." The operations of the White-boys were principally limited to Munster. Although first organizing in the name of right and justice, to revenge a grievous wrong, they shortly became the veriest outlaws in character, administering unlawful oaths, opposing the collection of taxes, and subjecting all who resisted them, who were so unfortunate as to fall into their power, to the most horrible tortures.

Ireland is somewhat noted for its organized bands of self-constituted protectors of the public welfare, who not infrequently carried their zeal beyond the limits of moderation. Thus, at the same time the White-boys existed in Munster, in the province of Ulster, in the north of Ireland, the "Steel-boys" and the "Oak-boys" were exciting the people to insubordination. The "Peep-o'-day-boys" also originated at the north about the year 1785, and owed their title to their custom of visiting the houses of Roman Catholics at daybreak in



search of arms. The society has latterly been revived under the name of "Ribbon-men." There have been "Thrashers" in Connaught; "Terre Alts" in Clare; the "Carders," the "Rockites," the "Moyle Rangers," the "Paddeen Cars," the "Caravets," and the "Shanavests." It is undoubtedly true that the people of Ireland have had grievous burdens to bear, imposed upon them both by government and by the non-resident proprietors of the soil. But the means taken to resist these wrongs have often been objectionable in the extreme, and led to still greater evils.

The traveller should not leave Tipperary without visiting the famous caves of Mitchelstown, in the extreme south of the country, on the borders of Cork. A cave in this neighborhood had been remarkable for centuries; but on the 2d of May, 1833, a man while quarrying for stones opened a "gateway to a magnificent palace of nature." The hill in which this new cave exists rises in nearly the centre of a valley which separates the Galtee and Knockmealdown chains of mountains. The "Cave," as it is called, is rather a series of caves of vast extent, and wonderful and beautiful in appearance, ornamented, as caverns not infrequently are, with pillars and arches of stalactites and stalagmites.

Waterford is the least interesting, and certainly the least picturesque, of all the counties of Southern Ireland. It resembles Cornwall not only in the ruggedness and barrenness of its surface, but in the mineral wealth which lies concealed within its bosom.

At Ardmore, on the banks of the Blackwater, stands a round tower and ruins. The ruins are of two churches, which are said to date nearly or quite back to the time of St. Declan, who lived in the latter part of the fourth century and the early part of the fifth.

This part of Ireland was in former times specially noted for its superstition, and traces of this still remain among the peasantry. The county is plentifully supplied with holy wells and various objects of peculiar sanctity, which had the reputation of healing diseases and remitting sins. As a consequence, pilgrims used to abound, and are even yet not unknown.

Though much of the country is devoid of picturesqueness, the valley through which flows the Blackwater is fertile, wooded and pleasing. Every now and then the interest of the scenery is enhanced by some ruin of castle or church. The most remarkable of the many ruins to be encountered between Youghal and Lismore, are Rencrew, once the property of Sir Walter Raleigh, and originally belonging to the Knights Templars. The castle sustained many sieges during the several Irish wars. It was the birthplace of Robert Boyle, the philosopher, who was the seventh son and fourteenth child of the first Earl of Cork. The castle is situated on a steep rock, rising perpendicularly from the river, surrounded by the thick foliage of gigantic trees; while here and there, both above and

below a light bridge, the eye falls upon a salmon weir.

Kerry is the extreme western county of Ireland, situated in the province of Munster. The scenery of this county is in striking contrast with that of Waterford. The entrance to the southern portion of the county is made from Cork, through a tunnel about two hundred yards in length, cut through rocks—peaks to a mountain which overlook Glengariff. Mrs. S. C. Hall says: "As the traveller emerges from comparative darkness, a scene of striking magnificence bursts upon him—very opposite in character to that which he leaves behind him; for while his eye retains the rich and cultivated beauty of the wooded and watered glen, he is startled by the contrast of barren and frightful precipices, along the bank of which he is riding, and gazes with a shudder down into the far-off valley, where a broad and angry stream is diminished by distance into a mere line of white. Nothing can exceed the wild grandeur of the prospect; it extends miles upon miles. Scattered through the vale and among the hill-slopes are many cottages, white always, and generally slated, while to several of them are attached the picturesque lime-kilns, so numerous in all parts of the country."

The scenery tones down as the traveller approaches Killarney; and when that locality is reached he finds himself in fairy land. The lakes of Killarney are three in number—the Upper Lake, the Tore or Middle, and the Lower Lake.



Castle and Weir at Lismore.

The Upper Lake is the smallest of the three, and much narrower than either of the others, but for grace and beauty it is unsurpassed by them. It is situated in the midst of an amphitheatre of mountains, which close in upon it. The three lakes are separated by very narrow channels, and two of them have scarcely any perceptible division. The Lower Lake is studded with emerald islands, while the Middle Lake unites the wild magnificence of the Upper with the grace and softness of

the Lower. One of the modes of visiting the Upper Lake is through the Gap of Dunloe, which is itself one of the greatest wonders of Killarney. It presents a scene rarely paralleled for wild grandeur and stern magnificence. Its deep ravine seems to confirm the popular tradition that it was produced by a stroke of the sword of one of the giants of old, which divided the mountains and left them apart forever. When the pass terminates, the tourist suddenly comes upon a scene of unrivaled beauty. Before him is the Upper Lake, and above the "Black Valley," through which winds the waters of the stream which feeds the



THE EAGLE'S NEST.

lake. On the side of a lofty hill in this valley is the "Logan Stone," or, as the peasants call it, the "Balance Rock"—doubtless a druidical remain of remote antiquity.

A narrow and tortuous channel about four miles in length leads from the Upper to the Middle or Tore Lake. About midway is the far-famed "Eagle's Nest," the most perfect, glorious and exciting of the Killarney echoes. The rock, which is a miniature mountain, obtains its name from the fact that for centuries it has been the location of an eyrie, so situated as to be secure from all human trespassers. The rock is of a pyramidal form, about one thousand seven hundred feet high, thickly clothed with evergreens, but bare toward the summit.

In the Lower Lake, which is much larger than either of the others, there are about thirty-five islands, nearly the whole of them clothed in the richest verdure. On Ross Island are the remains of Ross Castle, a tall, square, embattled building, which forms a conspicuous feature in the landscape from every part of the lake. It was built many centuries ago by one of the Donoghues, whose fame abounds in this region.

The lakes of Killarney are not the only objects of interest in this section of the country. There are numerous "loughs," more or less picturesque or famous; while the far-famed caves in its northern borders are well worthy of a visit.

IT is one of the most beautiful compensations of this life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

AN AFTERNOON WITH LAURA BRIDGMAN.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

A WRITER has just given in the *Christian Union* an article on the blind children at the Institution at South Boston, in which is a paragraph about Laura Bridgman. Let me supplement it with some little incidents connected with my visit to her about a fortnight ago.

If any one supposes that by reason of her deprivation she is queer or awkward in person or manners, he is altogether in error. There is nothing at all singular in her appearance. When

I entered the parlor, a member of the family with whom she lives was playing on the piano, and close beside her, on a low seat, there was a very slight, very erect, quiet, self-possessed looking girl, who seemed to be listening to the music, while her hands were busy over some crocheting or similar work. She would have been taken for a guest who was nimbly fashioning some pretty article while being entertained with music. The expression of her face was bright and interested; and one watching her satisfied look would have been slow to believe that she did not hear. The green shade over her eyes indicated that she was one of the blind. She had on a brown

dress, a blue ribbon at the neck, a gold ring and chain, and a watch or locket in her belt—a neatly-attired, genteel, lady-like person, looking about thirty-five, though her age is really not far from forty-four, with soft, brown hair, smooth and fine, a well-shaped head, fair complexion and handsome features. That was Laura. Dr. Howe spoke of her as "comely and refined in form and attitude, graceful in motion and positively handsome in features;" and of her "expressive face," which, indeed, in sensibility and intelligence is above instead of below the average.

As soon as the information was conveyed to her that she had a visitor from her native State, who knew people in the town where her nearest kindred live, she came swiftly across the room, leaving her work on the centre-table as she passed it, and grasped my hand, laughing with the eagerness of a child. Then she sat down face to face with the lady who has charge of her, and commenced an animated conversation, by the manual alphabet, easily understood by one who has practiced it; but the sleight-of-hand by which the fingers of the friendly hostess, manipulating on Laura's slender wrists, communicated with that living consciousness shut in there without one perfect sense except of taste and touch, was something mysterious, inscrutable to my duller sense. Yet that the communication was definite, quick, incisive, so to speak, was manifest enough, for Laura's face beamed, and she was all alert. Partly by the letters and partly by signs, she said a great deal to me. She "ought to be at home to be company for mother," she said; and once or twice she

fashioned the word "Mam-ma" very distinctly with her lips. With regard to this vocal expression, Dr. Howe says: "She has attained such facility for talking in the manual alphabet, that I regret that I did not try also to teach her to speak by the vocal organs, or regular speech." She asked if I knew a member of her family now dead, and said, "That was a long year after Carl died." She seemed brimming over with things to tell me, and wanted me to know about her teaching some of the blind girls to sew, which is part of her daily employment in the school near by, and which she takes great pride in, threading the needles and making her pupils pick out their work if it is not done nicely. She is a good seamstress herself, does fancy work, and can run a sewing-machine.

Next, she caught hold of my hand and led me up two flights of stairs to her room to show me her things; but the first movement was to take me to the window, where she patted on the glass and signified that I should see what a pleasant prospect there was from it. And there she, who had never seen or heard, waited by my side in great content while I looked and listened: the sky was blue, with white clouds floating over it, and birds were singing; it was a perfect April day, but she could get no consciousness of it except in the softness of the air. Yet her face was radiant, and she stood there as if she both saw and heard. I wish I could bring before all those who are discontented with their lot, repining because God has withheld something from them or taken something away, the cheerful face of this girl who has so little but who accepts it as if she had all; who has never seen a human countenance or heard a human voice, who in the infinite glory and beauty of this outward world has no part, shut in by herself in that silent, dark, unchanging, awful loneliness.

The next act was to show me how springy her bed was, then she deliberately took off my shawl, as if she meant business, and showed me all the pretty things and conveniences she had in her room, opening every box and drawer and displaying the contents; her jet chain she laid against her neck, her bows and collars and embroidered handkerchiefs were taken up one by one, then deftly replaced in their proper receptacles; her writing materials, sewing implements, little statuettes, trinkets, large Bible—I had to see them all, and then her wardrobe, and it was with the greatest delight she ran her fingers over the "shirrs" of the flounce of her best winter dress and the cuirass basque, as if to say that her things were in the latest fashion. Finally she took out a sheet of paper, pressed it down on her French writing-board, examined the point of her pencil, and wrote her autograph, "God is love and truth. L. N. Bridgman;" and then from her needle-case and spool-box produced a cambric needle and fine cotton, and showed me how she threaded a needle, which was done by holding the eye against the tip of her tongue, the exquisite nicety of touch in her tongue guiding her to pass the thread through. It was done in an instant, though it seemed impossible to do it at all, and then she presented me

the threaded needle triumphantly, having secured it by slipping a knot.

After descending to the parlor she told me how kind it was in Dr. Howe to fit her up such a pretty room; and then I must go into the school-room, whither she led me by the hand, and introduced me to several of her friends among the pupils, and when I took my departure she would have the teacher go with me to the door to tell me which car to take.

The last report of Dr. Howe gives some particulars relating to the way in which he brought this very interesting girl into communication with her fellow-creatures, making her "one of the human family," patiently, laboriously, lovingly going over a tedious process month after month and year after year, until she became what she is. He gives also some information with regard to her circumstances. She has a home during the cold weather at the Institution; she earns "a little money by making bead-baskets," etc., and has the interest of two thousand dollars, which was bequeathed to her by two friends, mother and daughter; "but still she barely receives enough for necessary articles of dress," he adds, gently suggesting the needs of "this dear child" for whom he has done so much, to any who may be "disposed to make any addition to the Loring Fund" for her support.—*Christian Union.*

"UNBELONGINGNESS."*

BY ABBY DE WOLF.

I QUOTE a word that speaks to me,
(A word not felt by many,)
Which saith, "Oh, none belong to thee,
And thou dost not to any."
Friends are raised up my wounds to dress,
(Blest be each kind endeavor,)
But, oh! this *unbelongingness*
Is frowning on me ever.
Old age doth a *belonging* need,
That will the more endear it;
To aid with tender word and deed,
The overburdened spirit.
None who *belonged* to me are left
My daily toll to lighten;
Of those who loved me thus bereft,
What can my pathway brighten?
Oh! I am aching, sick and faint—
They leave not Heaven to cheer me—
Why do I utter this complaint?
'Tis God alone doth hear me.
And is it not the Love Divine,
That thou, my soul, art wronging?
O blessed Saviour, make me Thine—
The best—the true *belonging*.
Struggling upon a troubled sea,
The waters overwhelm me;
Still I can lift mine eyes to Thee;
For Thou wilt not condemn me.
Thy strength for me the tide will stem—
Thy love *all love* revealeth—
Only to touch Thy garment's hem,
The broken spirit healeth.

* A word coined (I think) by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.



TWO ROGUES.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

LIVING all alone in a silent house I stay,
No one speaking to me through the weary day;
Reading, sewing, knitting, doing this and that,
No companions have I but my dog and cat.
None to say good-morning, spring with willing feet,
None good-evening bid me with their kisses sweet.

I've a next-door neighbor more fortunate than I;
Thinking of her blessings, I sometimes pause and sigh.
Little children scamper in and out all day,
Making dreadful racket at their merry play;

Losing playthings here, and dropping playthings there;

Letting song and laughter echo everywhere.

Little rogues, I see you, peeping down at me,
With your laughing eyes, and faces full of glee.
How your presence brings the gladness to my heart!

Would you could come to me, and never more depart!

Darlings, you are welcome, come whene'er you will;

Blessed is the home you with your sunshine fill!

RHODES AND ITS COLOSSUS.

BY C.

RHODES was an island in the Grecian Archipelago, lying between Crete and Candia. It was bright and beautiful as its name implies, which means the Isle of Roses. It is small, only about forty-six miles long by eighteen wide. Its capital, the City of Rhodes, in the north-east part of the island, was in ancient times one of the most celebrated of Greek cities. It was sacred to the sun, and its inhabitants worshipped Apollo, whom they considered the god of the sun. It has now about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and the whole island about thirty thousand. It was formerly a republic, and had many noble works of art, and played an important part in history, for with its serene sky, its healthy climate, its fertile soil and fine fruits, it was rich and powerful.

The island is traversed by a mountain chain, which is covered with forests of great value, and its valleys are well watered and very productive; oranges, lemons, figs, pomegranates and other fruits being exported in large quantities.

The republic of Rhodes was, at last, conquered by the Romans, and since it was under their rule, it has been governed by the Greek emperors, by the Genoese, by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who held it more than two hundred years, and by the Turks; when Solyman was in power, it was first governed by a Turkish pasha.

The city is strongly fortified. The walls which enclose the city were built by the Knights of St. John. Its people are Turks, Greeks and Jews, with a few Roman Catholics, who have a chapel and school. There are more than thirty mosques and several synagogues. The Greeks have ten churches and many schools of different grades. The Turks have three Mohammedan colleges and a library of a thousand volumes.

The City of Rhodes was celebrated for its brazen Colossus—one of the seven wonders of the world, which stood at the entrance to its harbor. In ancient times the people had public ceremonies in honor of Apollo whenever they gained a victory over their enemies, or considered themselves particularly favored by their deity.

Demetrius, who was as remarkable for his vices as for the virtues of his character, once besieged the City of Rhodes, but the people so ably resisted, that the enemy were compelled to abandon their enterprise. The Rhodians were filled with gratitude to their deity, and, feeling that an event so important ought not to pass without suitable notice, they summoned a council to decide in what manner they might best express their divine adoration to the god of the sun. Egetus, an ancient mariner, was chosen to address the multitude. The Grecians honored age, and listened with reverence to the words of experience.

"My friends and children," said he, "my voice is feeble, but my heart is strong. For what have I been saved, when shipwrecked, and raised from the depths of the mighty waters, but to offer my incense to the god of the sea and land. It is my proposal that we build a statue to Apollo. Let it be a colossal one, let it encompass sea and land,

let its foundation be the eternal rocks, let its head be surrounded by the halo of the morning light. For this purpose I offer two-thirds of my possessions."

Enthusiastic cheers followed. Not a dissenting voice was heard. "We will have a Colossus of Rhodes!" was the universal exclamation.

Every citizen, in imitation of Egetus, contributed a part of his property. Then they unanimously selected Chares, of Lindus, for the artist. He was the favorite disciple of Lysippus, in the early bloom of manhood, and the grandson of old Egetus. He would have been the inheritor of the wealth now dedicated to the statue. He was requested to name the sum necessary for a bronze Colossus. He named what he thought would be the cost of a statue fifty feet high. The citizens doubled the sum, and requested him to erect a statue one hundred and five feet high. He immediately set about the work. Its feet were to rest on the two piers which formed the entrance of the harbor. A winding staircase was to ascend within to the top, from which could be seen by glasses the shores of Syria and the ships on the coast of Egypt. Around its neck the glasses were to be fastened for general use.

Chares, of Lindus, worked with ardor; his elevated conceptions could not be subjugated to the items of expense. For twelve years he had worked on the statue, scarcely allowing himself any rest, and as the Colossus was rising in its glorious majesty, he became satisfied that the money deposited in his hands was quite inadequate to finish it. Even if his estimate for a statue fifty feet high had been correct, the expense of one one hundred and five feet high, instead of being twice the amount would be more than three times as much, all the parts being largely increased. Had Egetus been living, Chares might have found in him a counsellor and friend, but his grandfather had been borne to his last asylum, in his ninetieth year, and the artist had no one to consult but his tender and sensitive wife. He had struggled with want and poverty; now he feared disgrace.

As his wife watched the languid eye, the pale cheek, the trembling hand and wild glances of her husband, her course was decided; for in that glance she saw insanity. She went to the authorities of the city and stated the whole truth. They listened to her statement, and sent her back with hope and comfort. They would make all things right.

"All will now be well, we shall be happy, and you will see the noble work completed," she said, as she entered their room, where all was silent.

She had rightly seen insanity in his eye. In a closet of the room, suspended by a cord, the deed of suicide was done, and the sorrow and despair of the artist ended. The honors of funeral rites were decreed to him by the people, and he was buried near the statue of the god.

Laches finished the statue. It stood with the feet on the opposite moles, and the vessels passed beneath. For six hundred years the Rhodians considered it an object of divine worship, the one god, before whom all nations should bow. Pliny, the elder, says, "It excited more astonishment

than all the other colossal statues ever known." It was after a day of public ceremony in honor of Apollo, that the statue was broken by an earthquake, and fell. It lay a ruin till Rhodes, the city of wealth, of taste and consecrated to Apollo, was taken by the Saracens, in A. D. 684, when it was sold to a Jew merchant. The statue was finished three hundred years before the coming of Christ.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

She was born at Thornton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the 21st of April, 1816. Her father was a clergyman, Irish by birth, but without any trace of his origin, either in language or features. In 1820, the family removed to Haworth, a place whose name will always be associated with that of the Brontës. There were at this time six little children, the eldest scarce seven years old. The mother was in delicate health, and died soon afterward.



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

WAS ever novel more absorbing in its interest than the story of Charlotte Brontë's life, as told by her friend, Mrs. Gaskell? Mrs. Gaskell, like Carlyle in "Oliver Cromwell," lets her subject speak for herself whenever it is possible. Thus, in personal memoranda, such as extracts from letters and scraps of early writings, we have Charlotte Brontë's own testimony to the facts of her life and their influence upon her character.

Mr. Brontë was devotedly attached to his wife, but reserved and eccentric in his intercourse with others. The children were thus left very much to themselves. Their amusements were singularly unchildlike. They read the newspapers, wrote plays and acted them, and published a monthly magazine in manuscript. Mr. Brontë said that he could converse with his eldest daughter, Maria, on any of the leading topics of the day when she was eleven years old. At the age of twelve, Charlotte made out a catalogue of the works she had written up to that time. There was some twenty-two volumes, in manuscript, of course, and written

so minutely that it is almost impossible to read them without a microscope. Charlotte was very short-sighted.

The two elder girls, Maria and Elizabeth, died in 1825, within six weeks of each other. Their death was hastened, if not actually brought about by the hardships endured in that school of which we have a faithful picture in "Jane Eyre." Charlotte herself never grew an inch from the day she left it, and was constantly troubled while there with a gnawing sensation of hunger.

"Helen Burns," Mrs. Gaskell says, "is as exact a transcript of Maria Brontë as Charlotte's wonderful power of reproducing character could give." The scenes between her and "Miss Scatcherd" actually took place. Both "Miss Temple" and "Miss Scatcherd" were at once recognized by Charlotte's fellow-pupils. It was a just tribute to the merits of one, and a just retribution for what the other had made her sister suffer.

The children clung the closer after this bereavement. An elder sister of their mother, Miss Branwell, had come to Haworth and taken charge of the household. She was a good woman, and tried to do her duty toward her young charges. She loved them, too, in her way, but it was a cold, undemonstrative kind of affection.

Under her teaching, the three girls became adepts in all kinds of domestic work. Charlotte herself was a dainty housekeeper, and as able at the needle as at the pen. The excellence of her cookery was known and appreciated long before that of her books.

We have a description of her at fifteen, when she again left home for school. She was small and plain, like her heroine, "Jane Eyre," but had beautiful hands and feet, and eyes that glowed with a wonderful light. "I never saw the like in any other human creature," says Mrs. Gaskell.

Her experience at this second school was a happy one, and very different from that she had gone through with at the first. The principal teacher, Miss Wooler, afterward became her lifelong friend. Though by no means sociable, or fond of play, she was a favorite with her companions. She was very obliging, always ready to do what they wished, and an invaluable story-teller at night, sometimes frightening her listeners nearly out of their wits. She fully realized the value of education, and diligently improved her opportunities.

After a stay of two years at this school, she returned home, and at once began to teach her sisters what she had herself learned. A cherished project was soon after realized; Mr. Brontë provided his children with a teacher in drawing. They had all a strange love for this art, and the three sisters "would take and analyze any drawing which came in their way, and find out how much thought had gone to its composition, what ideas it was intended to suggest, and what it did suggest." Charlotte had once a notion of making her living as an artist, and nearly destroyed her eyesight by the minuteness with which she executed her drawings. Yet none of the family ever attained proficiency in the art, not even Branwell, whose talent his sisters seem to have overrated.

Branwell's fate is well known. He was a young man of great promise, the idol of his family, but fell into habits of dissipation, and ruined himself by an intrigue with a married woman of nearly twice his age. That she acted the part of temptress does not excuse his guilt. He nearly broke the hearts of his poor father and sisters. It was almost a relief when he died, still young, but worn out with dissipation.

In July, 1835, Charlotte returned to Miss Wooler's school, accompanied by her sister Emily, the former as teacher, the latter as pupil. But Emily suffered so from home-sickness that her health gave way. "I felt in my heart she would die," Charlotte says, "if she did not go home, and with this conviction obtained her recall." She had only been three months at school.

Emily never left home but twice after that, once as governess for six months, and again when she and Charlotte went to Brussels. The same suffering and conflict ensued each time, and, though she conquered, the victory cost her dear.

It seemed as if the desolate character of the scenery around Haworth harmonized with her peculiar genius. Haworth lies on the side of a steep hill, and the parsonage overlooks the village. No trees are to be seen, only a few stunted shrubs and bushes. The snow sweeps down in the winter, burying up everything. Beyond the village lie the moors, desolate expanses, dark with heath. It is only high up among their ridges that "imagination can find rest for the sole of her foot, and even if she finds it there, she must be a solitude-loving raven—no gentle dove. If she demand beauty to inspire her, she must bring it inborn; these moors are too stern to yield any product so delicate. The eye of the gazer must itself burn with a purple light, intense enough to perpetuate the brief flower-flush of August on the heather, or the rare sunset-smile of June; out of his heart must well the freshness, that in latter spring and early summer brightens the bracken, nurtures the moss and cherishes the starry flowers that spangle for a few weeks the pasture of the moor-sheep."

The dwellers among these Yorkshire hills are a peculiar people. They have great natural shrewdness and self-reliance. Their manners are abrupt, their speech harsh, their independence almost verges upon rudeness. When they have once made up their minds, that is the end of it; you cannot change their opinions. They are good friends, but bitter enemies. Hatreds are often bequeathed from one generation to another.

A knowledge of their character is indispensable to a full understanding of the Brontë novels. For many of the scenes there condemned as unnatural were copied from real life. What Charlotte says of her sisters is equally true of herself. "They had no thought of filling their pitchers at the well-spring of other minds; they always wrote from the impulses of nature, the dictates of intuition, and from such stores of observation as their limited experience had enabled them to amass."

In 1842, Charlotte and Emily went to Brussels for the purpose of studying French, preparatory to starting a school of their own. Anne, the

youngest sister, was left at home as housekeeper. Previous to this, all three had successively filled the position of governess in various families.

It was fated that their project of a school should never be realized. First, Miss Branwell died, and the two sisters were recalled from Brussels; then occurred the fatal episode in their brother's life; and later Mr. Brontë was threatened with total blindness. With Christian patience and resignation, these noble sisters bore each fresh calamity. Who knows but Charlotte's genius shone the brighter that it had passed through such a crucible of suffering?

We have this account of the circumstances that led to the publication of their first book. "One day, in the autumn of 1845," Charlotte writes, "I accidentally lighted on a MS. volume of verse in my sister Emily's handwriting. Of course, I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse. I looked it over, and something more than surprise seized me—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, nor the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear, they had also a peculiar music—wild, melancholy and elevating. My sister Emily was not a person of demonstrative character, nor one on the recesses of whose mind and feelings, even those nearest and dearest to her could, with impunity, intrude unlicensed; it took hours to reconcile her to the discovery I had made, and days to persuade her that such poems merited publication. *** Meantime, my younger sister quietly produced some of her own compositions, intimating that, since Emily's had given me pleasure, I might like to look at hers. I could not but be a partial judge, yet I thought that these verses, too, had a sweet, sincere pathos of their own. We had very early cherished the dream of one day becoming authors. This dream never relinquished even when distance divided and absorbing tasks occupied us, now suddenly acquired strength and consistency; it took the character of a resolve. We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and, if possible, get them printed. Averse to personal publicity, we veiled our own names under those of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell; the ambiguous choice being dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because—with at that time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what is called feminine—we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice; we had noticed how critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward a flattery, which is not true praise."

It was not an easy matter to get this little book printed. But at last a publisher was obtained, and it stole into life about the end of May, 1846. That was all; it created nowhere any flutter of excitement; in the tumult of voices these three new ones were scarcely noticed.

Yet the poems are in many ways remarkable. They are genuine, not imitations of other poets, but records of what the writers have themselves

seen and felt. We have here no flowery metaphors or distorted views of life; everything is plain, direct and truthful. The thoughts are as simply expressed as those of Wordsworth, with a like reverent feeling and trust in the goodness and wisdom of God. But there the resemblance ceases. Wordsworth was in no respect their teacher or guide; they simply went to nature herself, as he had done, and drank from the same well of inspiration.

In the subjects chosen, and the manner in which they were treated, each writer shows a distinct individuality. Strange to say, Charlotte's verses are inferior to those of her sisters. Emily's rank highest, and are full of power and imagination. Her great soul ought always to have expressed itself in poetry; there only she attains to refined and pleasing utterance. The same might perhaps be said of Anne, for it seems inconceivable that one so gentle should have written "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." The very spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice breathes through her poems.

Notwithstanding the ill-success of their first effort, the sisters were not discouraged, but each set to work on a prose tale. Charlotte produced "The Professor;" Emily, "Wuthering Heights;" and Anne, "Agnes Grey." After having been refused by various publishers, "Wuthering Heights" and "Agnes Grey" were finally accepted.

"Wuthering Heights," Charlotte tells us, "was hewn in a wild work-shop, with simple tools, out of homely materials. The statuary found a granite block on a solitary moor; gazing thereon, he saw how from the crag might be elicited a head, savage, swart, sinistral; a form moulded at least with one element of grandeur-power. He wrought with a rude chisel, and from no model but the vision of his meditations. With time and labor, the crag took human shape; and there it stands, colossal, dark and frowning, half statue, half rock; in the former sense, terrible and goblin-like, in the latter, almost beautiful, for its coloring is of mellow gray, and moorland moss clothes it, and heath, with its blooming bells and balmy fragrance, grows faithfully close to the giant's foot."

"Wuthering Heights" is a marvelous creation, and there is nothing like it in the world of fiction. Every page is surcharged with passion; we seem while reading it to be walking over a volcano. Its atmosphere is oppressive; there is no touch of grace or beauty anywhere; all is blackness and desolation.

Heathcliff, the central figure of the story, is a very demon, the incarnation of wickedness, "never once swerving in his arrow-straight course to perdition." As great a villain as Iago, he is coarser and more revolting. His savageness and ferocity are that of a wild beast rather than of a human being.

We are glad to close the book, and shut out its frightful pictures. It seems the production of some intellectual Titan. Its rude force and originality fairly appal us.

Ought it have been written? Ought such a character as Heathcliff to have been created?

Alluding to this question, Charlotte says that "the writer who possesses the creative gift owns something of which he is not always master—something that, at times, strangely wills and works for itself." It may be so, yet we cannot but think that Emily Brontë's genius would have borne other and fairer fruit under different circumstances.

She was herself as peculiar and original as her book. Strength, not tenderness, was the characteristic of her nature. Sympathy she could give, but not accept. "She had a head for logic, and a capability of argument unusual in a man, and rare indeed in a woman, according to M. Heger. Impairing the force of this gift was her stubborn tenacity of will, which rendered her obtuse to all reasoning where her own wishes or her own sense of right was concerned." Had she lived, it is possible, as Charlotte says, that her "mind would of itself have grown like a strong tree, loftier, straighter, wider-spreading, and its natural fruits attained a mellower ripeness and sunnier bloom; but on that mind time and experience could only work; to the influence of other intellects, it was not amenable."

She died of consumption, in her twenty-ninth year, soon after the publication of "Wuthering Heights." Stern and unyielding in her life, she met death with the front of a Spartan. For two months she wasted, day by day, yet went on performing her usual duties, refusing to accept the slightest help, or in any way acknowledge her growing weakness. Charlotte and Anne were forced to look on, passive and heart-stricken; they dared not remonstrate. Even at the last she would not give up; she arose and dressed herself as usual on the very day she died.

Branwell's death was no less remarkable. Holding an old theory that the will can be supreme to the end, he insisted on being raised to his feet, and actually died standing.

The following verses are the last that Emily ever wrote. Whatever may be thought of their theology, there can be no question as to their poetical merit:

"No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere;
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

"O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying life—have power in thee!

"Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts—unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

"To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by thine infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

"With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates and rears.

"Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

"There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void;
Thou—THOU art Being and Breath,
And what THOU art may never be destroyed."

On the day Emily was buried, Anne, the younger sister, fell ill. She had always been delicate. Charlotte watched over her with unspeakable anguish, but could not keep her back from the grave whither she hastened. Tender and submissive, she did not close up her heart, as Emily had done, but gratefully accepted sympathy and assistance. She was deeply religious, and bore her sufferings patiently to the end, dying serene and happy. From her last verses we select the following stanzas:

"Thou, God, hast taken our delight,
Our treasure! hope away;
Thou bid'st us now weep through the night,
And sorrow through the day.

"These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, anguish-tost,
Can I but turn to Thee.

"With secret labor to sustain
In humble patience every blow;
To gather fortitude from pain,
And hope and holiness from woe.

"Thus let me serve Thee from my heart,
Whate'er may be my written fate;
Whether thus early to depart,
Or yet awhile to wait.

"If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humble I should be;
More wise—more strengthened for the strife—
More apt to lean on Thee.

"Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow;
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,
Oh, let me serve Thee now!"

Anne wrote two novels, "Agnes Grey" and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." The first records her experience as a governess; the latter is as remarkable in its way as "Wuthering Heights." Charlotte's testimony leaves no doubt that its main features were suggested by her brother Branwell's conduct. Only by looking at it in this light can we understand how one so pure-souled as Anne ever came to reproduce the scenes there represented.

"The Professors," Charlotte's first novel, did not find a publisher until after she had become famous. "Jane Eyre" was more successful, and we all know the result. A work of such daring, genuine originality had not appeared for many a day; the reading public at once recognized and applauded its author's genius. Both Emily and Anne lived long enough to witness her success.

"Jane Eyre" is an autobiography, the story of a woman's life faithfully and fearlessly recorded. Nothing is glossed over, nothing hidden; all is revealed with straightforward courage and directness. "Conventionality," she writes, "is not morality, self-righteousness is not religion. To attack the first is not to assail the last. To pluck the mask from the face of the Pharisee is not to lift an impious hand to the Crown of Thorns." After reading that, one can understand her admiration for Thackeray. Was she not following in the footsteps of the "first social regenerator of the day?"

"Jane Eyre" was at first thought to be Charlotte herself, and she admitted that there was a strong personal likeness between the two. It came about in this way. She once reproved her sisters for always making their heroines beautiful. They replied that it was impossible to make a heroine interesting otherwise. She answered, "I will prove to you that you are wrong. I will show to you a heroine as small and plain as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours." Hence "Jane Eyre," who, she averred, "is not myself any further than that."

As the story progressed, her own interest in it equalled that of her readers. When she came to "Thornfield" she could not stop, but went on writing incessantly for weeks until she had worked herself into a fever. She was then forced to stop, and the rest was written afterward in a calmer frame of mind.

Never did hero stand out more real and living from the pages of a novel than "Fairfax Rochester." Strong and yet weak, full of inconsistencies, one moment sensible and affectionate, the next raving like a madman—he attracts us from first to last in spite of ourselves. Neither his faults nor his virtues are exaggerated; we see the man as he is, and admire even while we condemn. For were not his errors grandly atoned for at last when he risked his life to save that of the maniac wife who had been to him so long only a burden and disgrace?

One charge has been brought against "Jane Eyre" that fills us with indignation. It is that of coarseness, and might with as much justice, or even more, be applied to Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh." Both works are alike free from that skin-deep sensitiveness which is afraid to call things by their right names, seeking to cover up the holiest truths with a mantle of false delicacy. It would be hard to find two women purer-minded, or more strictly conscientious in every relation of life, than Mrs. Browning and Charlotte Brontë; yet they were women who dared not tamper with falsehood, or shield hypocrisy. Where others would have kept silent, they courageously spoke, and whoever calls such utterance coarse is incapable of reading its higher meaning.

"Shirley" was commenced soon after the publication of "Jane Eyre," and wrought out in the midst of terrible calamities. Branwell and her two sisters died during its progress; the first chapter written afterward was rightly called "The Valley of the Shadow of Death." The bitterness of her suffering is revealed in more than one pas-

sage. Yet sadness is by no means its predominant characteristic. It is a glad, sunny book, more cheerful in tone than either "Jane Eyre" or "Villette." Mrs. Gaskell tells us that Charlotte tried to make it as much like a piece of actual life as possible. Many of the characters are portraits of real persons; "Shirley" herself is Charlotte's representation of her sister Emily, or, rather, of what Emily might have been under happier circumstances.

Critics have described the book as good "all round." It has not the force or passion of "Jane Eyre," nor the morbid gloom of "Villette," yet possesses a certain harmony and smoothness of construction peculiar to itself. Its characters are strongly individualized, its pictures of scenery exquisite, and a vein of poetic imagination runs through the whole, lifting us somehow out of the real into the ideal. What can be more beautiful than the following description of nature?

"Nature is now at her evening prayers; she is kneeling on those red hills. I see her prostrate on the great steps of her altar, praying for a fair night for mariners at sea, for travellers in deserts, for lambs on moors and unfledged birds in woods. * * * * * I saw—I now see—a woman-Titan; her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder flock is grazing; a veil, white as an avalanche, sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like that horizon; through its blush shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture; they are clear—they are deep as lakes—they are lifted and full of worship—they tremble with the softness of love and the lustre of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers; she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Stillbro' Moor; her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So kneeling, face to face she speaks with God."

There was an interval of three years between the publication of "Shirley" and "Villette." This silence illustrates better than anything else Charlotte Brontë's extreme conscientiousness. When questioned on the subject, she answered: "I have not accumulated, since I published 'Shirley,' what makes it needful for me to speak again; and, till I do, may God give me grace to be dumb." Yet she might have enriched herself had she chosen, for no name was more popular than hers in the field of fiction. Her course is in striking contrast to that of the sensational authoresses of our own day.

As a psychological study, "Villette" stands unequalled. The characters are introduced casually, as in actual life, then patiently dissected, and trait after trait accumulated, until every peculiarity becomes visible, and we know them for what they really are, not for what they seem to the world. "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" also exhibit this power of close analysis, though in a less degree.

Yet "Villette" is not a cheerful work; there are passages in it positively painful. Having read Charlotte Brontë's life, we can understand how they came to be written. Living in that gloomy

old house next the churchyard, without companionship and within sight of her sisters' graves, is it strange that her mind turned inward upon itself, and grew morbid at times?

Lucy Snowe's sufferings are doubtless in part a transcript of her own. Beneath an outward exterior as cold as her name, Lucy Snowe hides a fire of passion and imagination that, even though repressed, shines out at intervals with a mocking light. There is no grace or beauty in her life; the world to her is stern and practical, and not devoid of trials; yet she endures all calmly, if not submissively. "Lucy Snowe" is not Charlotte Brontë; neither was "Jane Eyre;" yet both open up to us certain phases of her character and experience.

Paulina is an exquisite creation, yet unreal, as Charlotte herself felt and acknowledged. She had aimed to make this character the most beautiful in the book, and lamented over her failure. But to us Paulina has a fairy-like charm that would be lost were she moulded out of substance less ethereal.

There is properly no hero in "Villette," although Graham Bretton fills for a time that position; but the interest is transferred from him at the last to Paul Emmanuel. It has been said that Thackeray was in the mind of the authoress when she conceived this character of Paul Emmanuel, but we think it more probable that its original was to be found in M. Heger, her Brussels teacher.

Thackeray, however, and the Duke of Wellington were her two heroes in real life; their portraits hung side by side in her little sitting-room. "And there came up a lion out of Judah!" she exclaimed, on first seeing Thackeray's picture by Lawrence. Yet even with him she was not wholly satisfied; he did not, she thought, always exert himself to do his best. She thus describes one of their interviews: "The giant sat before me; I was moved to speak to him of some of his shortcomings; one by one the faults came into my head, and one by one I brought them out, and sought some explanation or defence. He did defend himself like a great Turk and Heathen; that is to say, the excuses were often worse than the crime itself."

In June, 1854, two years after the publication of "Villette," Charlotte Brontë was married to her father's curate, Arthur Nicholls. "Now," thought her friends, "she is tasting happiness, after a long and hard struggle—after many cares and many bitter sorrows."

But, alas! that happiness was destined to be brief; in less than a year afterward, on the 31st of March, 1855, she died. During the last part of her sickness she lay in a stupor most of the time, but waking out of it just before the end came, and hearing her husband's prayer that God would save her, she whispered: "Oh! I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy." Even then it was for the tender and faithful husband, not for herself, that she feared.

Of his desolation, and that of the bereaved old father, when she was laid in her grave, who can speak? In the presence of great griefs silence only is eloquent.

Her mourners were to be found not only in the

world of letters, but among the poor, and fallen, and distressed, whom she had helped and comforted. She was a true Christian in thought and act, and her life bore witness to her faith. Trials, she knew, were divinely appointed, and she endured hers with a courage that seems wonderful when we remember her frail health and sensitive organization. If she was misunderstood, it was only by a few who had never known and could not appreciate her worth. Her memory may be safely trusted with those who, as Mrs. Gaskell says, "know how to look with tender humility at faults and errors; how to admire generously extraordinary genius, and how to revere with warm, full hearts all noble virtues."

TEMPTATION AND CHARACTER.

THE law of industry is one of the grandest of life, and yet in the mind and heart there is a constant temptation to indolence. Hence to battle against a life of repose is as essential as to battle for the laws of Moses or of society. Each condition and locality of man has its local temptation, just as it has local language or local diseases. The city tempts to dress, to luxury; the village to indolence; and he that lives plainly, and escapes the vanity of the former, or that rises above the indolence of the latter, is equally a hero. As death is everywhere, so there proceeds from each place, city, or farm, or village, an evil genius—extreme luxury, or extreme poverty; extreme ambition, or extreme indifference; extreme labor, or extreme repose; and he is a great man anywhere who rises up every morning against the evil genius of his place and presents his virtue against its vice, his will-power against its repose. We often fail to find the real foe of the soul; and in the city we will guard ourselves against German infidelity, when the real enemy is perhaps the Christian love of gold; and in the village men will array themselves against a little dram-shop, when the grand enemy of the town is indolence, and the decline of public and private ambition. To find the peculiar temptation of the place and fight it, is the first duty of man. Temptation is an atmosphere in which a good character may ripen like the vintage upon the warm hills of France. One cannot be said to possess any security of character until he has been tried. Our mother Eve failed because, instead of having character, she possessed nothing but innocence. She knew nothing of death or sin, nothing of honor, for she had seen no dishonor. Like a child, she had innocence, but not an intelligent conception of moral worth. It is by the measurement of sin by a long standing in a howling wilderness that the man of character is found. Men are born in innocence, but they die with character. The theory of honesty is dear to all by nature, and hence the young heart not yet out in the world feels that honesty is as easy as sleeping, or looking, or hearing. Coming to early manhood, this innocent soul feels that integrity is as much his own as are his hands and his face. But the wheel of fortune turns him into the money market or into Congress, and before he is aware of it he has

no integrity left. The truth is, he never possessed any in the best sense of the word; but only entertained the theory as being true, and looked to the world of trial through the eyes of only innocence.

The reason why so many fail of honor in public and private life is, that, setting out with the best intention; they do not realize in advance the difference between the science and the art. They thought the science of honesty would save them, whereas the most powerful honor is that which has been tried, and stood the test—the honor that has been for forty days in the wilderness amid the siren voices of the world, the flesh and the devil. After a soul has once resisted temptation, it begins to pass from the science to the art; the meaning of integrity begins to unfold itself in the heart, and there comes the first consciousness of moral power. After it has for a few years withstood the trial, then honesty becomes no bare theory, but an actual trait of character; and every year of rectitude in the face of obstacles adds a new beauty and glory to the character, just as each summer-time adds to the branches and foliage of a tree. To be met, therefore, with a great trial is only to be furnished with an opportunity to become honorable.

In the lifetime of the youngest of you, you have seen great public men reach the highest places accorded to genius, and eloquence, and affability, and then sink from failure of common integrity. Their virtue had been the theory of a Selkirk on an island surrounded only by his goats, or the dream of an infant, and not the hero of temptation. They held on to honesty until it was needed, and then parted with the only power that could be of any value to them upon earth.

When a man, in early or middle life, in business or in friendship, or in political affairs, is approached by a temptation of passion or of gold, that is the only hour in which he ever yet in his life needed honor. Honor has been a dream up to that moment. To slight it then would be like a coast light-house lit up in the day-time, dark only at night.

In the past five years many of our public men have had fine opportunities afforded them for building up grand characters that would have cast light not only upon their own age, but upon millions of persons rising up in the next generation. Oh, what grand hours they have enjoyed for passing over from innocence to integrity! Honesty is like an anchor—not for calm days, but for storms. The anchor may be decked with flowers at times, and, in a harbor, may lie at the bow and silently promulge its theory. We have all seen them thus lying at the vessel's bow, decked with wreaths, and silently expressing their idea of usefulness. But when the vessel is out on its path, and there is a night with storm and with darkness, without a star, then the old mass of iron seems to glory in its ruggedness, and, leaving its ideal festoons upon the deck, in the gloomy midnight it drops into the deep, and grasps the solid earth with its gigantic arms. But much of our public honor is not of this iron-like stuff; when the storm and darkness come, the vessel goes straight to wreck; the

anchor, instead of seeking the bottom of the ocean, where lies the solid world, seems to have been made of painted wood, and, with its garlands of Christian theory still upon it, comes in afloat. A vessel is badly off when its sheet-anchor floats.—**PROFESSOR SWING.**

THE POET.

BY M. E. H.

A LL day long the poet sings
To a lyre with silver strings;
In his soul he nightly hears
Music of the starry spheres,
Listens to the rhythm low
Tinted clouds make in their flow;

Forests, with their waving hair,
Lure him from a world of care;
There, 'neath shady baidachin,
Sees he spiders weave and spin
Threads of silver, webs of mist,
Dewy-jeweled, sunshine-kissed—
Fittest woof to be the wear
Of the poet's child of air!

He can read the quaint designs
Mosses write upon the pines,
Or with lover's heart disclose
Vedas of each flower that grows;
'Neath the ev'ning's veil of mist,
Hears he rose by dewdrop kissed,
And the hours of midnight tolled
By the lily's bell of gold:

Nature owns the poet's heart,
Knows it is of her a part;
Unto him she opes her store,
Shows him all her mystic lore;
Tells him how she traced each line
On the wild flower's face divine,
How the sweet wine upward wells
Thro' its dainty honey-cells;
Shows him miracles in grass,
Melody in winds that pass;
Why the sea sobs in its shells,
Why the scarlet berry swells;
How the wild-grape brews its wine,
How soft tendrils learn to twine!
From the sky she drops at night,
Ruby red and chrysolite;
In the morn she spreads anew,
Tints of ev'ry name and hue!

East and west, and south and north,
Thro' all lands she leads him forth:
Treading lofty mountain roads,
Wears the purple, like the gods,
And in vales where waters sing
Laughs he with the river-king.

Ev'ry morn she lifts the haze
From more opal-tinted days;
Each to-morrow leads him thro'
Sweeter valleys than he knew;
And the songs he sings the best
Are those borrowed from her breast.

FIFTY YEARS AGO;
OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.
BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 8.

WE reached the top of the hill and paused to take breath, Aunt Cook and I. Indeed, I always did stop there, whether I wanted to rest or not, for the view from that point was one of the finest in the State. How often I have stood there, and, with fluttering heart and panting breath, said, in my childhood, and girlhood, and womanhood: "Thank God for the beauty of this earth."

"I never stand here without thinking of poor Esther Caldwell," said Aunt Cook, "and that takes away a good deal of the pleasure. She used to say that whenever she was tired, or discouraged, or perplexed, she dropped everything and came right up here and laid down her burdens and went back to her home a free woman. There, down in the ravine where you see that old gnarled apple-tree, half out of the ground, that was her cabin home. You can see a hollow yet where the rude little cellar was, and that hummock, with the smooth, green sod spread over it so compact, that is where the old chimney was and the hearth-stones."

There was no need of Aunt Cook telling me this, I knew it all, and more, too, but I listened to her out of respect. I had only "gone a piece" with her, to help carry the basket, and had intended going no further; so when she rose and shook the wrinkles out of her dress and said, "Well, this will never buy the child a frock," I knew it was time for me to start, too, on my return home.

But after the old lady had gone down the hill, out of sight, I said to myself: "Oh, I must run down there a minute and see where poor, dear Esther lived and died!"

Old Mortality loved to visit neglected graveyards, and scratch the mosses and lichens from dilapidated tombstones and with his chisel renew the dim, old inscriptions, so faded and blurred that often he trusted more to the sense of feeling than seeing, but he loved his self-appointed calling with no more enthusiasm than do I to visit the sites of the cabins of the old pioneers.

Perhaps the passion grew upon me when I was a morbid, sentimental, dreaming little girl, sitting upon old hearth-stones, and sniffing among smoky log walls, and peering under the mouldering sleepers on which had laid puncheon floors, picking up bits of dishes and coaxing elderly people to tell stories of old times.

Among all the old uncles and aunties, there wasn't one who ever said: "Oh, go 'long, child;" or, "I'm no hand to tell stories." Old folks like to talk about "the good old days," and they were pleased to relate reminiscences to "Aleck's gal," and to carry her away back into the lives of those who had gone before, and to see her little face shine with laughter or sadden with sympathy.

Hadn't Aunt Polly, and Aunt Patty, and Aunt Prissy, and Ruth Cunningham told me the life-story of Esther Caldwell over and over, each in

her own language, differing, perhaps, as much as the four Gospels differ? And hadn't I sat close up to the wheel when Aby Mitchell was spinning flax and coaxed her to tell the tale in her way? There was no occasion for Aunt Cook to put her hands on her sides and stick her arms up a-kimbo and say: "Esther seemed born for trouble, the seal was upon her."

Esther Leonard was the third daughter of a poor couple who entered land and built a cabin in the unbroken wilderness, the same cabin whose site I stood upon that day. It was built down at the foot of the hills for the sake of the spring that bubbled up among some jagged rocks. The father was a shoemaker, and the mother wove, and they eked out a tolerable living. The two girls older than Esther were stout little romps with red hair and red cheeks, while Esther was fair, and fine, and delicate, with soft, dreamy, blue eyes and flaxen hair. While the older girls were climbing saplings and bending them down for horses, making dams across the brook with sticks and stones and sod, and helping father burn brush, the little Esther was sitting off alone listening to the song of the dove, mocking the robin, watching the squirrels among the tree-tops, or the king-fisher in the gravelly bank of the creek, or exulting over the plumage of the beautiful birds of the forest. She knew where the beds of moss were the greenest and pluniest, how the hanging-birds made their nests, and why they swung them like hammocks from the swaying branches of the elm or the willow; and she could find places in the wild-wood where her voice came back to her in jubilant echo when she laughed, while the little minnows in the brook, scarcely larger than tiny stones of silver, would come to the bank and stop suddenly, as if listening, when she called and fed them.

"Sing'lar child, that," said the class-leader, when he called to leave an appointment for an itinerant preacher, and overheard Esther in the loft singing the little songs that she made up out of her own vivid imagination.

"Cur'us how children will contrive things," he added, "now there's my Sacharissa, she will make babies out of squashes, and if they don't behave, they ketch it. I've knowed her to chop up a half dozen at a time an' kick 'em all over the floor," and here the weak father laughed at what should have shocked and shamed him and set him to work trying to overcome such a frightful evidence of ill nature and destructiveness in a child.

The little one grew up to the age of seventeen, her nature not comprehended nor understood by any one except her mother. She found no companions among the girls with whom she associated, she saw nothing as they saw it, what was pleasure to them was intolerable to her, she shrank from them and preferred rather to be alone with her books or with the rocks and woods and the beautiful and silent works of nature. There she found sweet companionship, she never grew weary of the solitude that to many others would have been utter loneliness.

But afterwhile the strange, shy girl, Esther, loved and was beloved in return. The favored

suitors was a lad she had known from her childhood, a poor bound boy, who lived with Farmer Hawkins. He was a quiet, pious, gentle-hearted boy, one who loved to read books, and commit poems, and transplant flowers. He was the only man Esther could possibly have loved. He was poor, but he was brave, and honest, and willing to work.

As soon as he was of age, and the Hawkins had given him his freedom suit, and a horse and saddle and bridle, they were to be married, and live on a bit of land on the other side of the creek. Old Mrs. Hawkins was spinning and weaving the cloth for the freedom suit; the coat was to be all wool, and dyed brown with butternut bark, while the pantaloons and vest were to be dark yellow. There were no woollen-factories or fulling-mills in those days, and people fulled the cloth themselves by wetting it with strong soapsuds, and then kicking and tramping it until the cloth thickened up and was firm, and woolly, and warm.

They were married at the home of the justice, ten miles away. They both dressed up in their best, and mounted one horse, and rode there and back the same day.

How that young couple did manage and contrive to make a living! The young husband, George, grubbed, and dug, and cleared a patch for corn and potatoes, while his evenings were spent in making ax-handles, and splint-brooms, and rude baskets. His spare moments he worked about the cabin making a porch, a spring-house, a shelter for the cow, rude lattice for the morning-glory vines, a hill-side cave, a corn-crib, and a safe little box of a house for the chickens. He also made traps to catch foxes, and pens in which to ensnare the wandering turkeys that roamed through the free, wild wood.

And Esther? In a cosey little lean-to stood a loom and a wheel, and all the necessary equipments of a woman who took in weaving. They had a straw bed, and a buckeye clock, and a pot, and spider, and a few dishes. The furniture was all of their own making. A bank of blue clay below the cabin furnished a very economical wash of a bluish tint for the inside walls of the one room. Flags and wild lilies, and blue, white and yellow violets, were carefully transferred into the yard, while a thrifty sweet-brier was planted at one side of the house, and a tangled wild rose at the other. Willows were removed, and found a pretty situation along the brook that curveted down the hillside, and then spread itself into a picturesque little lake under the shadows of the trees and grape-vines.

They had no good spring; that was all the fault the new home had; but when his work was not pressing, by the assistance of a neighbor George dug a well at the corner of the cabin, and attached a sweep to the porch, or "stoop" as they called it, and then the last convenience was added.

Only one terror was there to rise up in the path before the sturdy pioneer. Every year he had to pay the sum of nineteen dollars and twenty cents interest on the purchase-money. They had been married a year, and had lived comfortably, without the need of money; but now this sum must

be forthcoming, or his land would be endangered. At last he thought of a way: "I can burn a coal-pit, and sell the charcoal to the blacksmiths; that will help."

I wish I could "talk like a man," and tell you how a coal-kiln is made of split wood four feet long, set on end, tier above tier, with all the crevices filled in with loam, stamped down, rounded over, closely covered with a thick layer of earth, a hole left in the centre for a chimney, and a place to fire the compact heap; but father says: "Oh, don't try it! Women don't know about such things."

Then I say: "But, papa, the girls won't understand, and I want them to know just how it is."

"Never fear," is his reply, "there are enough old men left to tell them; they can ask their grandfathers or their Uncle Johns; don't you try it, or the old fellows will laugh at your attempt."

Well, the coal-kiln was made and fired, and the sanguine pair saw the interest-money in the distance, a sure thing. The kiln was made in the dense woods on a beautiful level spot, and Esther often went out to it with George, and while he added new loam on places over it, walked round and surveyed his work, calculated how many bushels there would be, and how much it would bring him, Esther sat on a mossy log near by with her sewing or knitting.

One evening they were out in the twilight; the work was progressing finely, they were both cheerful and full of hope for the future.

"It must be lonely when you are here so much of the night," she said; "the owls hoot mournfully, and cry of the loon is so sad, and the barking of a fox always makes me shudder, while the cry of the wild cat is really frightful."

"Oh, I like the noises of the night," he said, "Sometimes birds will come whirring over my head, and I am startled, but not afraid. I don't quite like the looks of that," he added, jumping up; "it don't burn to suit me; maybe I can tramp it down;" and he walked up upon the smoking heap and stamped his feet down firmly to press the covering of earth closer, when, with a shriek of agonizing despair, he went down into the grave of fire, and disappeared forever! A column of flame shot up instantly and marked his burial place.

Just at that instant Esther's father came out of the woods in time to save his frantic child from a funeral pyre. It was his intention to watch the kiln that night. The roaring fire-fiend never glared into faces more frightfully pallid.

The kiln was never finished; it was suffered to remain there, a spot as sacred as a tomb.

Esther was taken home again. For months she wandered about aimlessly, tearlessly, sitting in the woods or out in the clearing, with silent voice and folded hands. When her little baby was born she rallied, and seemed herself, and talked and laughed; but a shadow was over her life. Alas for the child! There was no light in its dead blue eyes, its little rosy mouth never opened with laughter, it would lie all day gazing into vacancy. Its face was deathly white, and it would slowly

shake its head, moving it from one side to the other, in the hopeless way that a mourner does.

All this was very sad. The neighbors said, "What a comfort poor Esther might have had in a sound baby," and then they said, "but the poor thing was born for trouble."

Afterwhile, Esther grew to be like herself again, and the neighbors proposed that she would teach school, gather their little ones into her own house and organize a district school. She did so, and gave satisfaction, and for two years she taught two terms each year.

The little baby, now past three years of age, could walk, and it frequently went in the little path from one house to the other. It would wander along aimlessly, often sitting down with folded hands, or stopping to gather sticks, or flowers, or leaves. It could not talk, but it called the names of the family in its own little way, and they understood it. Though a blight was upon its life, it was a comfort and a joy.

One evening, when Esther went home, she did not see the child as usual in his little chair, but she supposed he was with some of the members of the family. When the sister came in from the spring-house, the babe was not with her, and when her father came from his work he came alone. Then there was consternation. They called his name, they looked everywhere, supposing he had fallen asleep under some shelter or in some secret place, but the sight of the little golden head did not meet their gaze from any nook or corner.

The father hurried down to Esther's house, and called the sweet pet name, but he called in vain. He looked about wherever he thought a child could hide, and then, just as he had made up his mind that he had looked in every possible place, he bethought him of the well at the corner of the house. The old well had not been used since the death of Esther's husband; George had drawn the last bucket of water, his hand had swung the creaking sweep the last time. Breathlessly did he hurry to the well; one of the two boards that covered it was gone; the drops of sweat stood on his forehead as he knelt beside the remains of a curb, and with a stifled groan bent over and looked down into its gloomy darkness.

Staring, stony eyes, wide open, and an upturned face with the golden hair floating on the water, and two dear, little, snow-white hands upreached pleadingly, that was what the gray stone walls framed in.

Two years later, and again is the shadow lifted, and Esther, bearing her burden, looks up and smiles into the face of a dark-eyed man whose white brow is half shaded with curls. Six months before and she had never heard his name. He was a stranger in the neighborhood, but he produced letters of introduction and recommendation, and his genial manners had won for him friends among the best families. He was a distant connection of the family for whom Esther was sewing, and it was through their influence that the betrothal was consummated.

Esther's family disapproved of the proposed

marriage, and were angry and forbade her coming home, unless she broke off the acquaintance and retracted her plighted troth with Reed Harrington.

But the woman with the bruised heart and the blighted life softened under the sweet words and the loving promises of the kingly appearing man before her, and with tears she said: "Wherever thou goest I will go."

Her father said that the man's countenance was full of evil and his heart black and bitter with wrongs, and he believed the deeds of his past life could not bear the light of day or the scrutiny of justice.

They were married, and, despite of the displeasure and utter disapproval of her parents, Esther was happy once more. She did not go home. Her husband had business in many of the large towns and was absent a great deal, and Esther stayed with his relatives and sewed and did light work.

When her husband returned, he frequently brought gifts to her such as her eyes had never looked upon. Sheeny silks and lustrous fabrics, and jewelry, that to the timid country girl, reared in the woods, sparkled with a splendor such as she had read of in poetry or dreamed in her most vivid imaginings.

Reed Harrington talked of a home in the city, and, as he slid his shapely hand over her fair, flossy hair, he told how easy her life should be, how servants should come at her bidding, and that an elegant carriage should await her pleasure, and how proud he would be of his beautiful wife, who would so well compare with the cultivated ladies with whom she would associate. He said he would take delight in surrounding her with all the pleasures and comforts of life.

One night, at the silent hour of midnight, when her husband lay asleep by her side, from some cause she was sleepless, and lying there with eyes closed trying to woo the sweet forgetfulness of slumber, she thought she heard a noise of low voices down-stairs, voices not belonging to any member of the family.

She listened. Her sense of hearing was quickened. One voice, hoarser than the rest, seemed to speak peremptorily, seemed to command, to give orders. There was a rustling, a soft fall of feet, here and there, both indoor and out, the stairway creaked, the stealthy feet drew near, and, in a hollow voice, she distinctly heard the proprietor of the house say: "He's in there."

Instantly four men, in black masks, entered the bed-room, and, glancing around, two of them sprang to the bedside and caught her sleeping husband. He awoke, and a frantic struggle ensued, but one man, with a muttered oath, seized him by the throat while the others pinioned him. Amid curses, and groans, and cries, and wicked threats, he was put in irons and borne down-stairs, where the men were met by twenty others similarly disguised.

"Hang him to the nearest tree!" "Shoot him!" "Let him be a feast for the buzzards!" were the sounds that reached the agonizing wife, and then she fainted and heard no more.

Reed Harrington! He was Jack Gardiner, the outlaw, a burglar, and thief, and counterfeiter! He was the leader in a gang who made and circulated counterfeit money; was the leader among horse-thieves, and in the gang who broke into and robbed stores; he was the chief one to plan, and manage, and carry out the most intricate system of robbery and plunder. He had married, and four wives bore the name he had given them. He had been in prison thrice, and had escaped; but this time not the clutches of the law held him—society, outraged, and insulted, and indignant, wreaked her vengeance upon him. He was taken about five miles away, allowed ten minutes to make his peace with God, and then, with howls of rage and vile imprecations, mingled with pleadings that were pitiful beyond expression, he was drawn up by the neck ten feet into the air, and left alone, a frightful corpse dangling from the out-reaching limb of a tree in the green heart of the unbroken Western forest.

Esther never recovered from the shock. Her nervous system was broken, and she was left a shattered wreck. The farm that George Caldwell had entered was forfeited five years afterward, and then Esther's loom was moved home to her father's, and she busied herself in a feeble way, that was better than doing nothing.

A rosy, roguish girl looks over my shoulder occasionally, and she says: "Don't forget to tell what became of her beautiful silks and jewelry. I hope she had them made up in a becoming way; I'm sure I would have done so."

My own heart is heavy with sorrow while I am following poor Esther Caldwell's life from her ill-starred childhood up through her womanhood

with the ban upon it, and I am hurt with the levity of gay, thoughtless girlhood, as I reply: "What to her, the broken-hearted, blighted woman, were silks and jewelry?"

Everything that Reed Harrington had stolen or secreted was gathered up and restored to its rightful owner. Years afterward another member of the gang of outlaws was captured in the West, and he was stripped, and his body bound flat upon the back in a canoe, and it was set adrift in the middle of the Mississippi River.

Esther lived with her mother until the kind old lady died, then she lived alone. She rarely smiled, she lived as if in a dream, and she would sit for hours on the hill-top above the old vine-covered cabin, and look away to the blue hills in the distance, and she would grow peaceful, and calm, and content. Perhaps she thought it was like unto the better land, and the beauty inspired and entranced her, and made her saddened spirit full of patience and hope.

When death came, it found her ready and waiting, and she smiled, and folded her transparent little hands, and closed her blue eyes, and the watchers knew not the moment the spirit took its upward flight.

I never passed the old well in which the dear little baby was drowned without pausing. It was filled up quite level with the ground, and an elm tree grew out of it, and its swaying branches trembled like an aspen. Last spring the tree toppled and fell, and the woodman's ax removed it, and now no trace is left. A green meadow covers all, so tenderly does Mother Nature heal all wounds.

And this is the life-record of one dear woman, poor Esther Caldwell.

The Story-Teller.

AUNT RUSHA'S VISITORS.

BY SUSAN B. LONG.

AUNT RUSHA was perplexed and worried. She didn't know what to "dew." She had said she didn't, more than once, to herself, as she plied her hot flat-irons, making the snowy linens and muslins and the starched calicoes shine like new. She had just said it to her neighbor, Mrs. Gleason, who had dropped in, according to her usual habit, with her knitting in her hand, to make a morning call.

"Dew?" repeated Mrs. Gleason. "Why, what can ye dew, but let 'em both come right along? 'Taint likely they'll go ter quarrellin' here; an' mebby they'll be disposed ter be friendly, an' this visit 'll be the means uv reconcilin' the tew families. Le's see! What was the quarrel about? Property, wa'n't it?"

"Yes," was the reply, as Aunt Rusha selected the hottest iron from the stove, trying them by giving each a light touch with her wet forefinger; "sumthin' 'bout the division uv gran'ther's estate—I never jest understood what. I waz satisfied with my share—thought gran'ther hed a right ter

dew what he pleased with what belonged tew 'im. But these fam'ly quarrels air the most senseless things, 'specially 'bout property—an' the hardest ever ter set right."

Now I dare say, if you were to listen patiently awhile to this conversation, you would learn the cause of Aunt Rusha's present trouble; but I prefer to enlighten you myself in regard to it, and in the fewest words possible, and then proceed with my story.

The two families alluded to were those of two cousins—cousins to each other and to Aunt Rusha—Lola Morehouse, living in Boston, and Rhoda Cleveland, living somewhere in Ohio. The Morehouses were people of wealth and fashion; but of the Clevelands, who had removed West some twenty years before, when their oldest boy, Wells, was about three or four years old, but little was known by their relatives in the East, Aunt Rusha being nearly the only one with whom they kept up a correspondence; and with her it could hardly be called so, the letters were so few and far between.

It was known of them, however, that they did not prosper in worldly matters for the first few

years of their Western life; that they had lost nearly all of what the Morehouses called their ill-gotten property; and it was generally supposed that, with a large family, they were barely able to "rub through" one year after another. Mrs. Morehouse always spoke of them as "those wretched Clevelands," and affected to believe that they were living in the most abject poverty, their children being little better than young savages—ignorant and vicious. Aunt Rusha, however, had reason to suspect that quite the reverse of all this was true. The two or three letters which she had received from Wells Cleveland during the last few years, and his photograph, which was enclosed in the last but one, assured her that he, at least, was not only well educated, but a handsome, gentlemanly-looking fellow.

But the "kink" of the matter was, that Amy Morehouse, a young lady of eighteen, and Wells Cleveland, were, at that very moment, both on their way to make Aunt Rusha a visit. Amy was expected that day at noon, and Wells's letter announcing his intention had been received only a few minutes before the opening of my story. He would leave home that morning, and arrive at Aunt Rusha's in the afternoon of the next day.

When the noon stage came along, at Aunt Rusha's door as dainty a little bit of female flesh and blood as ever mortal stage did deposit at any living being's door, I am willing to affirm; and when the outside wrappings were removed, it reminded one of a choice volume of poems (Tennyson's, if you will), "done in blue and gold," more than anything else (the gold was in her hair, and the blue in her eyes and the ribbons that fluttered from neck, waist and head)—and said dainty bit rejoiced in the name of Amy Morehouse.

"Well, there!" said Aunt Rusha, holding her off at arm's length, and gazing at her admiringly, "yew hain't changed hardly a mite sence yew's a baby—on'y growed some. I should a known yew anywhere, I declare! I don't believe in kissin' 'mong wimmen, but I sh'll hev to kiss *yew* anyway! It's jest like kissin' a baby!" and she suited the action to the word with a good relish.

During the afternoon she introduced the subject of Wells Cleveland's visit, and then she found that Amy had imbibed all her mother's unjust dislike of "those wretches, the Clevelands," and even more, for the reason that she had no personal knowledge of them to aid her judgment, but only her mother's prejudiced representations.

"Of course I shall be civil to him, Aunt Rusha, out of respect to you," she said, after having expressed her mind pretty freely in regard to them; "but you must not expect me to seem at all friendly. It is very unfortunate that we didn't know of his coming before. Then I would have waited. Mamma would never have allowed me to come now, if she had known. However, it is to be hoped, for your sake as well as mine, that he will not stay long. I shall avoid him as much as I can, and leave you to enjoy his delectable company all by yourself; and then when he is gone you and I will have our visit. You will be glad to return to civilized society by that time, I fancy."

Aunt Rusha had intended to show Amy the letters and photograph of Wells Cleveland, but finding her so bitterly and unreasonably prejudiced against him, she suddenly changed her mind, and resolved to allow her to meet him without the slightest preparation, promising herself a good deal of quiet enjoyment when the meeting did take place.

As for Amy, although she meant, as she had said, to treat him with civility, she determined also to be severely dignified with him; to cause him at all times to feel his utter inferiority to herself. She could not stoop to flirt with him—she would as soon think of flirting with a bootblack—or she would like to fascinate and bewilder him with her beauty, grace and accomplishments; but that course being impossible, it only remained for her to crush him with a sense of her disdain. Yes, that was what she could do—she could *crush* him. She only wished she were larger, she could assume so much more dignity.

Not caring to meet him on the day of his arrival, the following afternoon, soon after dinner, she took her drawing materials, a book and a small basket, saying she should spend the whole afternoon in the woods and fields. To protect her delicate complexion, she borrowed Aunt Rusha's "shaker"—"miles too large," she knew, "and making one look like a fright; but what matter in the country?"

She had dallied away the greater part of the afternoon, reading, drawing and picking the wild blackberries, which grew in profusion all about, when she found herself in a pasture-field, across which a well-trod footpath led in the direction of Aunt Rusha's, as she judged, upon the one hand, and up a wooded hillside upon the other. She was hesitating whether to return now by the path or to try and amuse herself awhile longer, when a gentle "ba-a-a!" attracted her attention. Turning at the sound, she saw at a little distance a flock of sheep, who appeared to be regarding her intently. Immediately, and seemingly with one impulse, the whole flock set up the most fearful bleating, and came tearing down toward her in a frightful manner. Down went books and basket, the latter filled to overflowing with luscious blackberries, and the terrified girl took to flight. But where should she go? In a minute or two they would be upon her. She had no time to choose her place of refuge. Right before her was a stump, which, if she could succeed in climbing upon, she thought would place her beyond their reach. She tore off her bonnet, for it blinded her and impeded her progress. She reached the stump, and with infinite difficulty, after one or two failures, and after tearing her skirts past all hope of future usefulness, succeeded in getting upon its narrow, uneven top; and crouched there, faint, dizzy and almost suffocated by the rapid beating of her heart, while on came her terrible pursuers, making the air resound with their dreadful ba-a-ing. They gathered about the stump, gazing at her with angry eyes, shaking their heads, snuffing and stamping impatiently now and again.

Oh, what should she do! Away there in that lonely field, where no one could hear, even if she

had breath and strength enough to call out. Suddenly she remembered the footpath. It was well worn, as though much used, and perhaps some one would pass. She would be patient and watch. She had not long to wait. Presently a man emerged from the woodland carrying a carpet-bag and a stout walking-stick.

"Help!" she cried, with all the energy she could command, at the same time waving her handkerchief above her head as a signal of distress. The man stopped, looked about him, and then came toward her with rapid strides. In the meantime most of the sheep had gone quietly to feeding, though some of them still kept their positions about the stump, bleating, snuffling and stamping.

Notwithstanding her terror, and her uncomfortable situation, Amy was painfully conscious of the ridiculous figure she made, perched there, with her flushed and tear-stained face, disheveled hair and torn garments. She looked more like a baby than ever—very naughty one, which had got itself into trouble through some mischief. She felt the ridiculousness the more keenly, because the gentleman was young, and evidently none of the common sort. If it had been some elderly farmer, she would not have cared. The young gentleman took in the situation at a glance; but if he felt any amusement there were no indications of it in his face or manner. A flourish or two of his stick dispersed Amy's tormentors in all directions, and then throwing it aside, he came toward her with hands extended, saying: "You seem to be placed in a rather unpleasant situation, miss; allow me to lift you down."

"Thank you!" she faltered, and held out her hands.

He lifted her gently down, and while she leaned against the stump for a few minutes, to collect a little strength, instead of annoying her with attentions, he brought her books and basket of berries, deftly gathering up the few of the latter which had been scattered over—doing it in a grave, business-like way, as though rescuing young ladies from voracious sheep had been the sole occupation of his life. When he brought her bonnet—Aunt Rusha's luckless "shaker"—he could not repress a smile. The books and basket had escaped the feet of the sheep, not so the "shaker." It was trodden out of all semblance of a bonnet. He attempted to restore it to something of its original form, but failing, said, gravely: "The sun is so low, now, as not to be oppressive; perhaps you would prefer not wearing it."

"Yes, I think I would," she answered, quite as gravely.

"Have you far to go? Do you feel able to walk now?" inquired the gentleman.

"Oh, yes, thank you, I can walk now; and it's not far, I think," Amy replied, "though I'm not sure about the most direct way. I think the path leads there, though I'm not certain."

"I am a stranger to this locality, but I was directed to follow the path you mention; so, if you please, we will walk along together, and I will carry your things," rejoined her companion.

So they took up their line of march, slowly and somewhat toilsomely, for Amy's torn skirts were

troublesome to manage, and, besides, she did not feel capable of making much exertion, and the gentleman was cumbered with his own and Amy's luggage, including the demolished "shaker," which he insisted upon carrying, though Amy wished to leave it behind.

Amy had ample opportunity to study her companion; for he seemed not at all inclined to talk, and at times quite unconscious of her presence. Clearly, there were more attractive objects upon which to bestow his attention than she, in her little disheveled person, then presented. His keen, gray eye roved incessantly over the surrounding landscape—hills, valleys and distant mountain ranges—while frequent half-uttered exclamations attested his appreciation and enjoyment of the fair scene. With all her study, Amy was at a loss where to place him, except that he certainly was a gentleman—there could be no doubt of that. Was he a minister, out on his vacation? Hardly; though he seemed quite grave enough. She finally settled upon the decision that he was one of those professors, or something—naturalists—who go wandering about the woods and mountains, gathering "specimens" and things, though he seemed too young. But, no matter! whatever he was, he had very fine eyes, certainly—just the very color she had always said the man of her choice should have—none of your common black or blue, but "that peculiar gray," she said to herself, "that can look both severe and gentle at the same time." Somehow, it annoyed her, that he seemed so utterly oblivious of her, as he did most of the time, although she felt that it would be very embarrassing, in her present plight, to be the object of much attention; still she did not relish being so entirely overlooked. It touched her self-esteem and womanly vanity.

A turn in the path had just brought them where a wider view opened out before them.

"Ah!" exclaimed the young man, with a prolonged expiration, indicative of pleasure, "Monadnock!" and stopping and quickly shifting his carpet-bag from his right hand to his already burdened left, he lifted his hat, and, with kindling eyes and face in a glow of enthusiasm, remained for several minutes silently regarding the gray old monarch, cloud-crowned and misty in the distance.

"I thought I should see it soon," he said, glancing at Amy, as they resumed their walk, and speaking in an animated, boyish way—quite unlike his former quiet gravity. "I've dreamed of it for years! I used to see it every day when I was a boy—a mere child—and I can remember now how it awed and fascinated me even then. It looks exactly as I thought."

Amy wished very much to make some appropriate remark in reply, but was strangely at a loss for words, and finally said nothing. Her companion, however, did not seem to notice the omission, and presently continued, though now his voice was grave and quiet, and his gaze was directed far away upon the distant mountains: "To a man accustomed to the tame and unimpressive scenery of northern Ohio, these hills are like a revelation from on high! Who could disbelieve

in God, standing here? It seems to me like the Preseno Chamber of the Almighty! Who would dare to be proud, or selfish, or uncharitable amid scenes like these. Poets! No wonder this is a land of poets! I should be one myself, I fancy, in this air!"

It is a little singular that no suspicion as to her companion's identity should have entered Amy's mind, but so it was. On second thought it was not singular; for why should any word or act of this man "with the form of a prince and the soul of a poet," as she had just said to herself, have suggested anything so absurd as that he might possibly be "one of those Clevelands," whom to think of, with her, was to despise.

As they drew near Aunt Rusha's gate, she offered to relieve him of her books, basket, etc., and began thanking him in an embarrassed manner, quite unusual with her, for his kindness; but he interrupted her, saying he would accompany her to the door.

Aunt Rusha stood in the porch watching them curiously as they came up, and Amy half expected to see her companion deliver the basket of berries, books and ruined "shaker" into her hands, and to hear him say: "I found your little girl in a very perilous situation, a short distance back here, and have brought her safe home. I would advise you to take care of her in future;" but, instead, "Wells Cleveland!" burst from Aunt Rusha's astonished lips. "Wells Cleveland! or *I'm* dretf'ly mistaken!"

Then followed greetings and explanations, during which Wells said: "And it's lucky that I did depart slightly from my original intention; for as a consequence, I was enabled to rescue this young lady from a very unpleasant situation."

On looking around for the said young lady, no such person was to be seen; but Aunt Rusha caught a glimpse of her soiled and torn skirts as they disappeared up the stairs. Now, it was not dignified to run away and hide, certainly; and Amy had intended to be very dignified with "that Cleveland fellow," we remember; but who ever *did* do and say just the very things they had planned beforehand for any given occasion?

When Aunt Rusha entered her room some fifteen minutes afterward, to tell her that tea was ready, she found her sitting just as she had thrown herself down on first coming in.

"What's the matter?" asked Aunt Rusha, innocently. "Yew look as though yew'd seen a ghost! My sheep skairt yew dretf'ly, didn't they? Poor critters! they hain't hed any salt fer tew weeks, an' I s'pose they thought yew'd got some for 'em—mebby they knew the old bunnet. But supper's ready. Hedn't yew better fix up a little, en come down? Now yew've met Wells an' got kinder acquainted with him, I hope yew'll like him better'n yew expected tew. He seems real civil an' gentlemanlike, don't he?"

"O Aunt Rusha!" Amy exclaimed, almost crying, "I can't go down! I don't want any tea! I should disgrace myself, in some way, I am sure—more than I have already! I am trying to remember all the ridiculous and stupid things I have said and done this afternoon. The idea of

his being one of 'those Clevelands!' How did it happen? It was absolutely cruel in mamma to misrepresent them so to me! I can never meet him again, *never!* I shall go right home to-morrow! I *must!*"

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Rusha, "yew're makin' mountins uv molehills. Laugh it off, an' let it go! He's so taken up with the hills, 'n' rocks, 'n' so on, that I shouldn't wonder ef he didn't take no notice at all uv how yew lookt, er what yew said—er ef he did, it didn't make no impression on him, an' he'll fergit it all by mornin'!"

"Oh, I can't see him again," reiterated Amy, shaking her head gloomily, but decidedly. "I shall go right home to-morrow!"

But she didn't. She didn't go down that night, though; but she sat at her window long after bedtime, listening to Wells Cleveland's voice, as he and Aunt Rusha sat conversing in the moonlit porch below. And then she went to bed and dreamed of grave young professors, with gray eyes and brown, flowing beards, and of torn dresses, and dreadful sheep, and—well, when she awoke, she thought she would stay *just one day* more. Maybe Aunt Rusha was right, and he had not thought her so very ridiculous, after all. So she dressed herself with exceeding care, in a pure white muslin wrapper, with blue facings, and went down to breakfast, looking more like a poem than ever before. She bore so little resemblance to the forlorn young lady of yesterday, that Wells Cleveland failed to recognize her, until Aunt Rusha formally introduced them.

The young man came hastily forward, with hand extended and beaming face, saying: "Indeed, Miss Morehouse—or shall I call you cousin—our mothers are cousins, I believe—I am afraid you will think me very stupid, but I did not recognize you; and that fact proves that I must have been unsocial even to rudeness, yesterday; but for that I really must not be made accountable—it was all the fault of your Yankee hills—they set me wild. If I had met the Grand Mufti, I should have forgotten all about him within ten minutes. You ought to have seen me yesterday morning, when I first saw them towering above us from the car windows, I felt just like rushing out and embracing them, only I felt so *exceedingly small*—I felt like a *baby*; and so, to maintain my character, I *acted* like one. I cried. I'm getting used to them, somewhat, now, and intend to conduct myself better in future."

The effect of these words—and I shrewdly suspect the speaker had this very effect in view—was to allay Amy's sensitiveness concerning the occurrence of yesterday, and to relieve her of much of the embarrassment which the sight of him had occasioned. She managed to make a suitable reply, and then Aunt Rusha came to her relief, and monopolized the conversation almost entirely during breakfast. Before the meal was over, Amy had reconsidered her decision in regard to going home, and had postponed the time indefinitely.

One morning, a week later, Aunt Rusha said to Amy, as they were both in the room of the latter: "Well, Amy, I must say yew've got more uv the

blood uv the martyrs in yew then I gin yew credit for! Here yew've ben a sacrificin' yewrself, as I may say, on the alter uv yewer respect fur me fur a whole week—bein' "civil" ter that Wells Cleveland! Yew've rode with us day arter day, an' when 'twas so't I couldn't go, yew've gone with him alone; an' yew've sung tew him, an' listened tew his singin' an' readin'; an' yew've sot an' talked with him hours at a time out on the porch—an' all the time I s'pose it's ben dretful disagreeable tew yew. Yew've put up with his ignerent, uncivilized ways better'n I should thought yew could, brought up es yew've ben; an' I thought I jest say—"

"O Aunt Rusha, how sarcastic you can be!" interrupted Amy, coloring crimson. "But I deserve it, I suppose. I've learned my lesson, though. Shall I repeat it to you? 'Never form an opinion of any person from the representations of another, even if that other be your mother; for mothers are human, and may be prejudiced.' Is that correct?"

"Very well," as the teachers say," Aunt Rusha replied; "only I should like ter offer one amendment. I'd say *bad* opinions. Folks don't generly git credit fur bein' *better'n* they air, er, if they dew, 'twon't hurt yew ner them ter think them so. Yewr mother's a real good woman in most things; but she's tew easily prejudiced, an' dretful set in her way. Now Rhody Cleveland's different, unless she's changed. She felt dretful 'bout there bein' any defikility—said she'd ruther not hed anything. I don't s'pose Wells and the rest the chil dern hardly know 't there was any trouble; she'd think more uv instillin' right principles an' feelin' inter their mines then keepin' up an old grudge. But what I was goin' ter say, that I should like dretful well ter hev yew both go ter ride with me ter day; but knowin' how disagreeable Wells is ter yew, an' how hard 'tis for yew ter be '*civil*' tew him—"

She finished the sentence with one of her mellow, satisfied laughs, and hurried from the room to escape the uplifted slipper with which Amy laughingly threatened her.

Amy hurriedly prepared herself for the proposed excursion, with pleasure sparkling in her eyes, and glowing in her cheeks; for these daily rides over the hills with Wells Cleveland—this constant intercourse with his strong, fresh, pure mind, stored with the lore of the college, and enriched by a liberal reading of the best literature of the day, and still reaching out for more, aiming higher, striving to enter into truer relations with his Creator and his fellow-man—was the beginning to her of a new existence; was opening out to her new avenues of thought and feeling; giving her clearer views of life—its duties and responsibilities, its capabilities for usefulness and enjoyment—a life infinitely better, and truer, and nobler than anything she had hitherto dreamed of in her little world of fashion and folly. And all the while her pulses were thrilling to tones and glances, which imparted to the most ordinary language the glowing effect of impassioned poetry.

"Well, I dew say!" It was Mrs. Gleason who

"did say," and it was about a month after Wells Cleveland's arrival, and a day or two after his departure. "Engaged, be they! That little wax-doll of a thing an' that great broad-shouldered, hansum feller! Well, well! An' it all cum about, mebby, through the agency of yewer little innercent sheep! It's jest like a story, for all the world!"

"Yis, an' there'll be a sequel tew the story, tew yew may depend," was Aunt Rusha's reply. "Ef Loly Morehouse gives her consent fur Amy ter marry one of 'them wretched Clevelands' without some party sharp argyin', I'm dretfly mistaken."

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

ST. MARY'S bell was ringing for evensong in the dusk of the winter day. It had sounded over the streets for more than its usual time, and the worshippers were gathered together, waiting for the clergyman.

The first sharp tones of the bell reached him as he stood in the shabby parlor of a large house in one of the narrow thoroughfares of the great manufacturing town. He started and looked at his watch.

"So late! I must go, Miriam. And you have not decided yet."

His companion kept her eyes steadily on the dark, dreary street. Crowds of workers were going home from the factories, laughing and talking, and jostling one another on the pavement. The winter twilight was falling, the sky was dark with clouds. She did not answer the question that was spoken so earnestly, unless that look was an answer. The clergyman lingered, though the bell sounded sharp and fast.

"Will you come to church?" he asked.

"No, no!" she answered in a low stifled voice, and dropping her head upon her hands. At that moment the door was hastily opened.

"I can't come in—my cloak is dripping. Miriam, are you—Why, Mr. Tremaine, I thought I was late!"

"So you are, and so am I," was the quick answer, as he caught up his hat.

"It is raining fast. Here is an umbrella," said the little dark figure at the door.

He took it with a quiet "Thank you," and they went out together with hurried steps toward the church.

"Will you wait for me after service?" he said, and his companion nodded her assent as she passed in.

When she had thrown aside her cloak, the dim light showed a slender little figure, in dress of almost Puritan simplicity. Gayer attire would have added no charm to the grave young face, so sweet and womanly, so eloquent of truth and tender strength. A stranger, a little keen-eyed man, who chatted in low tones to the pew-owner, observed her keenly as she passed to her seat.

"Is that —?" he said, interrogatively, as if the person he meant had formed the subject of the conversation.

"No, sir! That is Miss Alice Gordon, the vicar's niece. Shall I show you a seat, sir?"

"Please," he replied, as he followed the woman up the aisle, glancing around at the scattered congregation.

The bell had ceased at last; and, as he took his seat just opposite Miss Gordon, Mr. Tremaine entered the chancel and commenced the service. The little man's keen eyes wandered to the clergyman, and rested for a while on his pale face and the firm, tender eyes and lips that told of hard work done, and of a soul sanctified and strengthened to endure.

Though the congregation was so thin, there was no hastening over the prayers by the clear, solemn voice; and the stranger had full time to read the two faces that seemed to interest him so much. The first lesson was over, and he turned over the leaves of his prayer-book eagerly to the psalm that followed.

Through the dim church rose a voice, rich, pure and thrilling, singing the grand old words. The stranger bent his head, so as not to lose a note of that wondrous music. Other voices were singing—Mr. Tremaine's clear tenor, and a few faint trebles; but above them rose that voice in the glad utterance of a rejoicing soul.

The stranger, whose eyes watched her through the service, saw how unconscious she was of her wondrous gift. He lingered a little when the prayers were over; but, finding Miss Gordon did not move, he went out and walked back to his hotel, being weary with a long day's journey after a rough passage over the Atlantic. He had been absent from England thirty years. The sister he had loved above all earthly things was dead; his home was broken up and forgotten; and the only link that seemed to bind him to the old life was his youngest sister's only daughter, Miriam.

Miss Gordon did not go out with the others; she passed into the vestry, where a fire was faintly burning in the dusty grate. Mr. Tremaine had taken off his surplice, and was waiting for her.

"It's about Miriam," he said, quietly, as he gave her a seat by the fire. He stood opposite her, shading his face with his hand.

"She will go," returned his companion, in a low voice.

"Ah, it is a great temptation—" He stopped short, and a bright scarlet flush dyed his face.

"She wishes to accept Mrs. Warner's offer to-night," said Alice. "It will be a great change for her—Miriam is fond of change."

"To-night! Miss Gordon, she ought not to go."

"Why do you say so?" asked Alice Gordon.

"A time approaches," replied Mr. Tremaine, "when the vicar's eldest daughter should be in her place as mistress of his home. A dark shadow is coming for those we love, Miss Gordon. Miriam must not go abroad."

"Miriam does not know," she said.

"You must tell her," he decided.

"I tell her?" she questioned. "I cannot."

"Who else can do so, Miss Gordon? I am so cruelly placed. I cannot say a word to keep her back from her first knowledge of the world she would grace so well."

Alice's look startled him, and he stopped hastily. "Don't you know? Has not Miriam told you?" he continued.

"Mrs. Warner's letter to-day has taken up all my thoughts," she answered, without looking up. "Miriam has told me nothing."

"We are engaged," Mr. Tremaine said, quietly—"only since yesterday."

Alice had raised her hand as if to ward off the feeble flicker of the fire, and he did not see the deathlike pallor that overspread her face. She rose up and leaned her brow against the wooden mantelshelf.

"I will tell Miriam of her father's danger," she said. "Do you think he is very ill?"

"He is dying," returned the young man, sorrowfully. "Let me put on your cloak"—for Miss Gordon had taken it up with shaking hands. She tried to answer him, but the words broke off in an inarticulate sound; and, leaning back against the chair, she fainted quietly away.

When she came to herself she was still on the chair, with Mr. Tremaine and the old woman that kept the keys bending over her.

"I am better," she said, faintly, sitting up. "I will go home."

"You cannot walk," urged Mr. Tremaine, putting his arm round her, for she staggered as she rose.

"I am quite well now," she returned, hurriedly. Her white face and trembling lips told a different tale, though. But she put on her cloak and insisted on going home, so they walked together through the dripping lamplit streets almost in silence.

"I won't come in till after tea," said Mr. Tremaine, as he opened the door for his companion. "Take comfort," he added, gently; "death will only be a brighter life for your uncle, and strength and help are near to us in all our sorrows, if we seek them."

She answered him by a look. Her dark, sad eyes haunted the young man's fancy as he walked homewards, thinking of his bright, beautiful Miriam.

"How late you are!" said Miriam, looking up pettishly from her duties at the tea-tray—for tea had begun when Alice entered the parlor. "Do come and keep these children in order. Frank has stolen all the sugar, and they are fighting like cats and dogs."

"Do try to get a little quietness, Alice," entreated her uncle, who was lying on a sofa by the fire; "and can you get me some better tea, dear? This is quite cold."

In a few moments Alice's presence changed the whole aspect of things. She stirred the fire into a cheerful blaze, cheered the vicar's heart by a cup of steaming tea, checked the children's wild behavior by a few firm, gentle words—yet her own heart was breaking the while.

Miriam gladly gave up her seat at the tea-tray, and sat down in a low chair by the fire, and played absently with her cup and saucer. She was a handsome girl, with straight features, and bright golden hair. A keen observer would have seen

little character in her face, beautiful as it was; but it lighted up well as she talked, and every feature was perfect.

"Many people at church, my dear?" asked the vicar.

"About a dozen. A stranger was there, an odd-looking man."

"Where's Tremaine?"

"He's coming in after tea, uncle. Frank, ring the bell, my boy;" and Alice began to collect the tea equipage with deft fingers.

"You haven't eaten a thing, Alice," exclaimed Frank.

"Personal remarks are not agreeable," she answered, gently pulling his ear. "Get your books, my dears. Over Pons Asinorum yet, Jim?"

"Oh, do help us, Alice!" exclaimed the boys, rushing for their books.

"I want Alice," said Miriam, impatiently. "Now, papa, may I go?"

"My dear, you have my consent if you have your own," he answered.

"I shall never have the chance again, and it is only for six months."

"What can I say more, dear? Go and enjoy yourself. It is very kind of your aunt to ask you."

"And I may really go?"

"If you wish, my daughter."

"You dear old father!" she said, bending down and kissing him. "I knew you wouldn't say 'No.' I will make our old house radiant with trophies of my travels," she added, gayly.

He followed her with mournful eyes out of the room, and sighed heavily. Miriam called her cousin hastily.

"Come and read my letter, Alice! Where has the girl gone? Alice!"

"I am coming," she answered, running upstairs. "Have you written it?"

"Yes, here it is. Have I put the proper quantity of thanks? Isn't it kind of her to promise to get my dresses? These things wouldn't do for Paris."

"No," said Alice, sitting down. "I don't suppose they would."

"Now what is it, Alice?" said Miriam, looking half defiantly at her cousin. "I ought not to go, I suppose, in your opinion? It is hard I can't have a little pleasure for once without everybody looking as if I were committing murder. There's John—" She stopped, with a little conscious laugh.

"Well," said Alice.

"Ah, you know! He told you, I suppose. But nothing is settled. Of course I wouldn't have that until I came home. But I suppose we shall make a match of it, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Oh, I hardly know. I may see somebody I like better."

"You ought not to go, Miriam."

"Of course! I expected that. Why not, pray? This sort of life may do for you, but different blood runs in my veins, Alice. This dull place half kills me. It isn't life—it is vegetation. Why shouldn't I go?"

"You shouldn't leave your father."

"What do you mean?" asked Miriam, starting. "He is only a little ailing now, as he always is in the winter."

"He is dying, Miriam."

"Dying!" All the warm color left her cheeks for a moment. "How dare you frighten me so? What do you mean, Alice? Who said so?"

"Can't you see he gets weaker and weaker? Oh, you must not go!"

"Who told you—John Tremaine? Ah, he did! The girl's fair face flushed with mingled pain and rage. "I suppose he thinks to keep me at home, like a naughty child, by trying to frighten me. Papa is not worse than he has been for years. You have got up the plot between you, I know."

Alice sat in silence, while Miriam paced the room with hot, angry feelings, accusing everybody of cruelty toward her. The clock struck eight.

"I shall miss the post. Where is my letter, Alice?"

"Are you going?"

"Yes. Papa would not let me go if he thought he ought not, and John shall know I have a mind of my own. It's perfect nonsense about papa. My eyes would see any change quicker than yours or John's, who can't feel as I do. If I thought—" She stopped as she addressed the letter. Her better nature for a moment prevailed—only for a moment. "It was a foolish trick to try to frighten me like that. It was a trick, wasn't it, Alice?"

"Think it so, if you please."

"I know it was. But I must go, dear. Think! I shall see Paris, and Rome, and Naples. O Alice, it will be delightful! There's the letter. Do carry it to the post for me, dear. John will be here in a few minutes; and if the boys go they will lose it."

Alice took the letter in silence, and went away for her cloak. She met Mr. Tremaine in the hall.

"Going out again, Miss Gordon?"

"Only to the post."

"Give me the letter. Has Miriam's gone?"

"No. Here it is. It must go to-night, and I fear I shall lose the post."

"Is she really going?"

"Yes," returned Alice, gravely.

He took the letter, and turned back into the street in silence.

"Has he got my letter?" asked Miriam, who was waiting at the top of the stairs when Alice went up. "Is he angry?"

"Yes," said Alice.

"I don't care. He can't expect that I shall stay mewed up here all the time;" and, humming a gay tune in defiance, she proceeded to the parlor.

Alice came down presently, before John came back, and she sat down by the boys, keeping them quiet over their lessons, and holding little Mary in her arms. The vicar went to bed early, and Alice soon followed with the four children, leaving the lovers alone. John was pacing the room when she came back at supper-time, and Miriam was seated in her favorite low chair, looking painfully disturbed, and with her hand shading her eyes. Not a word was said of Miriam's going till after supper, when Alice, as her custom was, sat

down to the piano to sing. Suddenly Miriam cried out, in an unnatural voice: "Alice, O Alice, stop! I cannot bear it."

Alice hastily rose up, startled at her cousin's ghastly face.

"I thought I saw my mother in the room," she said with a shiver; "it was only fancy, I know. John, I wish I had never sent the letter."

"Is it too late to change your mind?" asked Alice.

"I must go—I cannot give it up," answered Miriam, as the color slowly came back to her face.

Next morning Miriam was packing, with Alice's help, and they were considering the merits of a blue cashmere that was very becoming to the fair hair and brilliant complexion of the vicar's daughter. She had put it on and fastened some white lace round her neck, and stood at the glass looking at the effect.

"Come here, Alice," she said; and her cousin crossed the room and stood by her side, looking at the reflection of their two faces in the glass.

They were a great contrast to each other. By Miriam's white skin and exquisite complexion Alice looked pale and sallow; and to-day there were dark rings under her heavy eyes, and her lips had lost their pleasant smile.

"Never mind," said Miriam, gaily smoothing her cousin's thin cheek. "Goodness is better than beauty," she added, with a laugh. "I think John is a fool—don't you, Alice?"

"No, I don't," said Alice, gravely, beginning to fold some dresses.

"I do. If he weren't, he would have fallen in love with you. But men are all alike—a pretty face is all they care for."

"One would think you did not love Mr. Tremaine," said Alice.

"Well, I am afraid I don't. My *beau idéal* is somebody very handsome and rich—not a poor curate. But *n'importe*. Don't, for goodness sake, fold like that, Alice! Whatever are you about?"

"Miriam—Alice!" called out the vicar's faint voice from the foot of the stairs. "Come down, girls—your uncle wishes to see you."

Their uncle!

"Wait a moment," said Miriam, running back to smooth her hair. Alice went down to the parlor, where she found the little, keen-eyed, sallow man who had been in church the night before.

"I am your uncle," he said; "your mother's brother."

"Uncle Henry, from America?"

"Yes, I am the last of them all. And this is Miriam," and he turned with a delighted face to speak to his beautiful niece.

"You are like your mother, my dear. She was my youngest sister and my favorite one—you are the picture of her," he said.

"Your uncle will stay here for a time," said the vicar, in a low voice, to Alice. "Will you go and look after dinner, my dear?"

Alice quietly left the room, leaving Miriam in the midst of a lively conversation with Mr. Haydon.

Alice was busy cooking in the kitchen when

John Tremaine came in with the clothing-club accounts. He sat down by the glowing stove, talking over parish business with Alice, who was director-in-chief of the district meetings, Dorcas society, etc. She rolled the crust and listened, and gave her advice concerning the manifold little troubles that beset a parish. John had just risen to go into the parlor and be introduced to the visitor, when Miriam came in, radiant in the blue cashmere, and laughing merrily.

"O Alice, such a delightful mistake! Uncle thought you were engaged to John!" she exclaimed, not seeing the young clergyman for the moment. Then, on perceiving John, she exclaimed: "Why, John, are you learning cooking in addition to your other accomplishments? Do you know our respected uncle has been settling you two in life most comfortably? He thought you most suited to each other till papa undeceived him."

"How very foolish!" said Alice, her face slowly flushing.

John Tremaine followed Miriam in silence from the kitchen. Her gay words had struck him strangely. Some day, of course, Alice would be engaged and married, and the light of another home. Without confessing it to himself—hardly understanding how deep the feeling was—he realized in that brief moment of thought how much sweetness her bright presence and tender household ways and brave, steadfast spirit added to his life. Despite himself he carried on the thought, and awoke with a dim pain to the knowledge that, if Alice, instead of Miriam, had been going, what a much greater blank would have been left—how much more she would have been missed. He had proposed to Miriam in a moment of passionate admiration of her beauty, and already, without really knowing it, he was beginning to regret.

Mr. Haydon was charmed with his beautiful niece, and the time slipped quickly by till the boys and Mary came home from school.

"And are these my nephews?" asked Mr. Haydon.

"They are not Mary's children," said the vicar, with a sad smile.

"Ah, I forgot—Miriam is the only one she left." He turned to his niece, and added: "Thank Heaven, I have found one left to remind me of those I loved! You will make an old man's life happier by your mere presence, my dear."

"But I am going away to-morrow, uncle."

"Going away!"

"For six months, with papa's sister, abroad. It will be so delightful."

Mr. Haydon looked from the vicar's white face, and round at the children, with a glance which even Miriam could not mistake.

"Can you be spared, my dear?"

"Oh, yes," she answered carelessly; "Alice is mistress here."

Her tone and manner provoked a glance from the mild vicar that made Miriam add, hastily: "I don't like housekeeping;" and with that the subject dropped.

"O Alice," wrote Miriam from Paris, "this life

is too delightful! How shall I ever sink back into that humdrum existence at home? It seems like a dream here, where such vulgar things as Dorcas meetings, and Sunday-schools, and washing-days are unknown. Aunt Warner is so kind, and we get on capitally. How ever can papa think so hardly of her? She is adorable. I have been to the Louvre to-day. Charmed, of course! One of aunt's friends, the Comte de Rabord, was with us. He speaks little English, and I less French, but we are very good friends, and he is truly delightful. One of the old nobility, his manners are grace itself. Poor John! How *gauche* he would look beside him. In another epistle she said: "The Comte de Rabord has just gone. He is teaching me French, and we are reading Racine together. Ah, Alice, I think sometimes what a pity it is that my six months will have an end. I am so happy here!"

Many more letters, filled with sentences like these and vivid descriptions of the comte, found their way to the house in the busy street, and were put away with heavy sighs in Alice's desk. Meanwhile life went on in the great town. Mr. Haydon settled down in the vicar's house. With unflagging energy Alice went about her daily duties, though the color had left her cheeks, and her lips were taking the sorrowful lines that speak of hidden pain.

A little romance happened in the dead of the dreary winter. There had been a destructive fire in the town, and a concert was got up by the vicar's congregation in aid of a fund for the sufferers. Among those that enrolled themselves as performers was a wealthy merchant, who had lately settled in the neighborhood with his mother. He was unmarried, and very good-looking, with a fine bass voice, and proved a great addition to the little band of performers. A friendship sprang up between him and the vicar's family, and his kindness to the children, his thought for the invalid clergyman, and his bright, genial manners, made him a favorite with all.

After diplomacy on his part worthy of Machiavelli, it was arranged that there should be a duet between him and Alice, who, of course, was to sing at the concert. Mr. Willis professed great difficulty in learning his part, and made almost daily visits at the vicar's to practice it with Alice.

Despite his better nature, John Tremaine became intensely irritated at finding the big, handsome merchant as much at home in the vicar's household as he was. He got sulky over it at last, to Alice's great amazement, who had never seen such a display of temper from him before.

"Your head is full of the music," he exclaimed, pettishly, one morning, when Alice made some mistake with the accounts of the children's club. "I beg your pardon," he added, hastily, seeing a wondering look in Alice's soft eyes. "I am afraid I'm getting old and bad-tempered."

"Haven't you had a letter from Miriam lately?" she asked, gently.

John's face crimsoned. He had hardly thought of Miriam for weeks.

The night of the concert came, and Alice dressed and came down into the parlor to wait for the rest

of the party. Her Uncle Henry was there, came to meet her with a smile, and put a little case into her hand.

"Will you wear this, my dear, to-night?"

It was a brilliant diamond star for the hair, Alice fastened it in her soft, dark braids, with a child-like pleasure at its beauty and her uncle's kindness. Very charming she looked in her simple evening dress, with a white cloak over her shoulders. John called for the boys, for the vicar had consented to indulge their vehement desire to hear Alice sing.

"Won't Willis be more bewitched than ever?" whispered Uncle Henry, slyly, as John looked admiringly at Alice.

"I dare say," he returned, dryly, feeling inclined to wish Mr. Haydon at the North Pole.

The cab came up at that moment, and in the slight bustle Alice dropped the flowers from her dress on the damp pavement.

"They are spoiled," remarked Mr. Tremaine, picking them up with great delight, for the exquisite white blossoms were Mr. Willis's gift.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" exclaimed Alice, in real distress.

"Mr. Tremaine is jolly cross to-night," said Jim to Frank, *sotto voce*, as they walked to the concert-room. "He isn't half so nice as he used to be."

The concert was a great success. Alice's songs were the great "hits" of the night, and she was almost bewildered at the applause that greeted her appearance upon the platform, and the *encores* that followed. Two people saw nothing but her sweet, calm face the whole evening, and both of them wondered now and then at its intense sadness when the smiles that came so readily were gone and her lips were at rest.

The day after the concert was rough and stormy. Mr. Tremaine had to attend some meetings, and it was dark when he paid his daily visit to the vicar. Tea was over, the boys had been sent off to the study to prepare their lessons, and only Mr. Haydon and the vicar were in the parlor. Mr. Gordon had a flush of excitement on his white cheeks, and Uncle Henry greeted the young clergyman gayly.

"We have just been talking about another lover, Tremaine. You have a comrade in affliction, my dear fellow."

"Oh—indeed!"

"Mr. Willis has been to see me to-day," said the vicar. "He asked my permission to propose to Alice."

"Indeed!"

"It will be a great thing for her," observed the vicar. "When I am gone, there will be somebody to take care of her, dear child."

"Miss Gordon has accepted him, then?" asked John, quietly.

"That is the question," said Uncle Henry, looking keenly at the young man's face. "We don't know. Alice went off to the night-school without enlightening us on the matter; but of course she will say 'Yes.'"

Mr. Tremaine did not continue the subject. He

gave his report of the meeting he had attended to the vicar, and hurried away. The postman met him as he went down the steps, and gave him a thick letter. He put it in his pocket without caring to see from whom it came, and walked rapidly along the streets, heedless of the rain that beat upon him. Miriam was utterly forgotten in that hour of terrible pain. He knew the truth now; he knew that he loved Alice with all the depth and earnestness of his nature.

He walked on till he reached the room where the flight-school was held. The gas was glaring through the uncurtained windows, and the buzz of voices floated out. He stepped over the threshold and stood inside the door, for a moment looking at the face that he felt was dearer to him than life. Alice was bending over desk at the top of the room, teaching some big boys the mysteries of arithmetic. How patient she was with them, and how their rough faces softened at her gentle words and the voice that was perfect music! She passed up and down the forms very quietly, without any display of authority, but keeping all those unruly wills in order by force of that rare power over others which is the secret of true dominion.

Mr. Tremaine passed round the school, speaking to the teachers. The work was over before he reached Alice's desk. He waited till the boys had gone and the room was empty, but for a few teachers packing up their books. Then he crossed over to Alice, feeling that he must know the truth.

"I don't think I have seen you to-day," she said, looking up at him with a smile. "Have you been home?"

"Yes," he said, picking up some books from the table. "They tell me you are engaged, Miss Gordon. May I wish you all happiness?"

Her face was bent over the desk, and he could not see its pain and trouble, or understand the feeling that kept her silent.

"Is it so?" he whispered, hoarsely, forgetting all, save that he had lost her, and the life that might have been. "O Alice!"

Something in his tone, expressive of anguish kindred to her own, made Alice look up, and her voice trembled over the quiet answer: "I am not engaged to Mr. Willis."

Their eyes met for a moment. Then Alice moved quickly away, and began gathering up the remaining books and slates, her cheeks flushed, her hands hot and trembling. In that glance she had understood, and he too, that they were all in all to each other. Both remembered what parted them, after the first wild joy that knew no other thought than that of being beloved.

He helped her to put the school appliances away in silence, and brought her cloak, and put it on for her. The rain was over, though clouds still hung overhead, and the night was cold and windy. The homeward walk was performed in utter silence till they reached the vicar's door.

"I am going away to-morrow," said Mr. Tremaine, in a low voice. "I shall get Darrell to do the work."

"Are you?" answered Alice.

"Yes—I can't stay here. Good-bye—God bless you, Miss Gordon!"

"Good-bye," she said, faintly. And so they parted.

It was late that night before Mr. Tremaine thought of his unopened letter. It was from Miriam—a thick packet. John broke the seal, recognizing, in some amazement, his own letters enclosed.

"I have made a mistake," wrote Miriam. "It is better you should know it now than hereafter; my liking was only a girlish fancy. I have learned what love means since I have been abroad. Forgive me. It is better for both that we should part." The rest of the letter was lost upon the reader. He could only realize that he was free—that the terrible mistake he had made would not ruin his life—that he might be happy yet.

Saturday morning was always a busy one in the vicar's household. The boys were at home from school, and there was Sunday's dinner to prepare, and the mending of the week to do, in addition to the regular daily duties. Alice, who always managed to have odd jobs for the boys in rainy weather, sent them up into the garret to sort out some packets of old journals, and then, with little Mary at her side, hemming a handkerchief, began to look over the big basket of clean clothes. The vicar was lying down in his room, and Uncle Henry was reading to him, so Alice had leisure to think.

"Somebody come," lisped Mary, jumping up from her footstool at the sound of the hall-door opening. "It's Mr. Tremaine, Allie."

He shook hands with Alice, looking into her face with an earnest, questioning glance that made her shrink and tremble.

"Look," he said, handing her Miriam's letter; "this came yesterday."

He sat down by the little work-table, watching her as she read. The startled glance of her soft eyes, the exquisite color tinging cheeks and brow, satisfied him. She put the letter quietly down and took up her work again.

"She is in Naples," was her murmured remark.

He bent a little toward her, trying to see beneath the drooping white lids.

"Alice—Alice," he said, gently, "it was a bitter mistake."

She glanced up now, and they looked into each other's eyes—a long, tender look, that said more than words could say—and Alice dropped her work upon her lap and put her right hand—that faithful, loving hand—in his.

"Till death us do part," he said, solemnly; and thus they were betrothed.

Miriam and her aunt were alone. A *tête-à-tête* was rare between the ladies, and Miriam was in no mood to listen to her aunt's vapid talk this morning. They were expecting the Comte de Rabord, and she was restlessly waiting to receive him. Poor girl! She had told John Tremaine she had learned what love meant. Ah, true love Miriam could not understand; the feeling she

mistook for it was pride and gratified vanity, and intense admiration for the handsome Frenchman.

"He must speak to-day," she thought, with painful longing to hear the pleasant words.

"You are flushed, my dear," said her aunt, looking up from her embroidery, with a cold smile on her handsome face.

"I have a headache, aunt," returned Miriam, playing restlessly with the trimmings of her delicate morning-dress.

"Poor child! Come here, Miriam—I have some news for you."

"From England?" she said, starting.

"No; I am going to be married again."

"Married!" Miriam echoed the word.

"Yes—why not? I am not too old; and I have five thousand a year."

"Who is to be the happy bridegroom?" asked Miriam, sneeringly.

"You know him, my dear," and Mrs. Warner looked up with a gay laugh. "He will be rather a young uncle, but *qui importe?* You can go back to the parish and your faithful curate."

"Who is it you are talking of?" asked Miriam, hoarsely.

"My intended husband, the Comte de Rabord. Why, haven't you guessed his reason for coming so often to us? I thought you were wiser."

"You are joking," her niece returned, wildly; "I don't believe it."

"It is true. We shall go back to England next week. You shall be my bridesmaid, Miriam."

Miriam started up and left the room, not daring to trust her voice. Mrs. Warner calmly took up her embroidery, while a smile of gratified malice played round her cold lips. If Miriam had been less selfish, less vain—if she had not taken every opportunity to outshine and eclipse her aunt—Mrs. Warner might not have labored so earnestly to win the handsome comte, to whom money was still more dear than beauty, and Miriam might yet have been happy in her own way; but she had sown in blind selfishness, and the bitter harvest was waiting to be reaped.

After the first discovery of the Frenchman's fickleness, her heart went back to home and the love of John's strong, earnest nature. There, at least, she had gained a victory, and won the heart her gentle cousin coveted. So, with wild desire for home, she hurried Mrs. Warner's preparations, and counted the moments that must pass before she crossed her father's threshold.

She parted from her aunt at Dover in sullen coldness, and set out on her solitary journey. How changed were her thoughts since she had traversed that same way a few months before! Then all the world lay smiling before her, and only home was dreary and barren; now the only spot of light was the old house, and all the world was dark and bitter. It was growing dusk when she reached her native place and drove rapidly through the streets. There was a light burning in her father's room and in the parlor; soon she should be welcomed back again. Her heart beat wildly as she went up the steps and into the familiar entry. The servant had come out at the cab-

man's ring; she lifted her hands with a sharp cry on recognizing Miriam, and stepped back.

Miriam hurried by her and entered the parlor. Alice was sitting near the lamp, working at some black material. Uncle Henry was opposite, with his head leaning on his hand, and John Tremaine was talking in a low voice to the boys, who looked up at him with tearful eyes. They all started up at Miriam's entrance; Alice came hastily to meet her, and put her tender arms round her cousin.

"Oh that you had come yesterday!" she said, smiling.

Miriam pushed away the clinging arms, and with a ghastly face went hastily up to John Tremaine.

"Where is my father?" she asked, looking at him wildly.

"He was taken from us yesterday," answered the young clergyman, sadly.

"And you never sent—you never told me. How dared you!" she exclaimed, turning fiercely on Alice. "You chose to take the place of mistress here and steal his love from me; was not that enough without keeping me from him in his last hours?"

"We telegraphed," said her uncle, gravely. "Remember, Miriam, you kept us in ignorance of your wanderings. We last heard of you in Naples, and thither we sent for you. It was sudden, at the last."

"Didn't he ask for me? Oh that I had been here to soothe his last hours! He must have longed for my presence. Did he leave no message?"

They looked at each other in silence. In the utter weakness of those last days, the vicar had clung to those nearest to him, and Miriam had been forgotten as memory faded and this life grew dim.

"Ah, you took care that he should forget!" she said, bitterly, to Alice.

"Heaven kept him even from the sorrow of your absence, dear Miriam," returned Alice, gently. "His death was perfect peace."

Miriam's grief was terrible in the first shock; but, like all her sorrows, it was soon over. When the vicar was laid in the quiet cemetery, and the blinds were drawn up, and things went back to somewhat of their old quiet, Miriam's trouble passed, and she began to think of winning back John Tremaine, who, as vicar *de jure*, was not a very undesirable *parti*, nothing better offering. But Miriam's *château en Espagne* were shattered at a blow, and her eyes opened to the real state of affairs, which nobody had cared to tell her. Some days after the funeral, Miriam was up-stairs looking over her dresses, when she heard John's step crossing the entry to the parlor. Hastily settling her hair in the most becoming manner, and deciding that black made her look fairer than ever, Miriam went softly down the stairs, intent on joyfully surprising her *ci-devant* lover. Her entrance was a surprise certainly, though not in the way she had intended. They were standing by the hearth, Alice's head resting on her lover's shoulder, and he was looking down tenderly as he tried

to comfort her. She started away at Miriam's entrance, and hastily left the room, her face flushed with mingled feelings. Miriam looked in painful, mortified amazement at John.

"I made a great mistake as well as you, Miss Gordon," said John, with grave calmness, "Thank Heaven we found it out so early!"

"And you and Alice are engaged?"

"Yes," he answered, briefly.

"I wish her joy of such a faithful lover," she returned, scornfully.

"She is my first love and my last," said Mr. Tremaine, quietly. "We neither of us knew our own hearts in the summer—did we, Miss Gordon?"

Miriam left the room in silence. She was reaping her harvest.

The last was the worst of all. Miriam could have borne to think that wealth had won a lover from her; but that Alice—little, quiet Alice, without money or beauty—should have made John forget so quickly and so utterly, was hard indeed to endure. It forced the truth on Miriam that loveliness, after all, was not the talisman she deemed it; and, for the first time in her life, she lost faith in the fair face that had never won her a true heart.

The days passed swiftly on; brighter skies beamed over the earth, and spring dawned. Mr. Haydon declared his intention of returning to America in April; but first he would give Alice to her husband. So they were married one sunny March day, and went away to spend a whole glad month in the country, where the leaves were budding and the spring flowers out. They were to come back and live in the old house, which Uncle Henry had decorated and re-furnished to greet their return.

Mr. Haydon's ship was to sail on the last day of April. In the middle of the month he went to pay a visit to some Scotch relatives. The day after his departure Miriam received a letter from him. She was alone, for the children were at school, and she had leisure to think over the long epistle.

"I came home," wrote Mr. Haydon, "a rich man, wishing to spend the rest of my days in the land of my birth. My heart clung to the thought of finding the only child of the sister I had most dearly loved willing to make my home a pleasant one. I had thought of you, and pictured you, my dear, as like your mother—beautiful as she was, and with the nobler graces of unselfishness and sympathy that had made her the light of my old home. I came back intending to make you my heiress. I won't add one word of reproach to the pain you must feel at your conduct. I will not say anything of Alice. It is all past and gone, and you have had a lesson which should serve you well. But the future is still before you, waiting to be redeemed. I hope you will redeem it. The money that would have been yours I have settled on Alice and your brothers and sister. I am going back to my business in America—will you come with me, my dear? I do not offer you a gay life, but one full of busy cares. I will not tempt you

to come; if you would rather stay in England, you shall have a small yearly income, and choose your own home. Frank, by his own desire, comes with me; the rest will stay with Alice and John. You have a fortnight to decide; think it well over, and may Heaven guide you!"

Miriam's decision was not made without some bitter tears and keen regrets for what might have been. But her lessons had not been in vain; and, when Mr. Haydon came back, and looked questioningly in his niece's face, she said, "I will accompany you, uncle."

There was no time for thought after that. They stayed to welcome the bride and bridegroom back, and spend one last night together under the old roof-tree, and then the time of parting came. Miriam's heart almost failed her. But in a new land she hoped to sow daily seeds of love and unselfishness, whereby she might reap a glorious harvest that should endure and brighten her life forever.

DEBORAH NORMAN:*

HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOOD, matter-of-fact Mrs. Conrad did not sleep much that first night in which Deborah Norman lay under her roof. She had little ideality and no romance about her; yet here was a living mystery and a romance at her very door, and what to do with it was a question that kept slumber from her eyelids almost to the dawn of day.

She found her strange guest too weak to rise when she went to her room on the next morning, but without signs of fever.

"Thee will let me stay until I'm stronger?" said Deborah, lifting her eyes with an appealing look. "I will make it all right with thee."

Mrs. Conrad laid her fingers across the girl's lips, saying, as she did so: "Let your heart be at rest, child. Until you are well and strong, this is your home."

A grateful expression came into Deborah's face, but it soon faded out, and the life which had flushed it for a few moments while suspense hung on her question, went back and left it white and motionless. She remained in this condition for a greater part of the day, taking little food, and seeming to desire only absolute rest for mind as well as body. Whatever the sickness of her soul, she must be left, for a time, passive with nature, the great restorer. And passive she remained for days and weeks, gaining a little all the while, but so slowly that improvement only showed itself by a comparison of period with period. Her trunk, which was large and new, had been brought over from the hotel, and Mrs. Conrad did not fail to notice, on opening it to get out a few things as requested, that it was well stocked with good clothing.

At the end of the first week, Deborah, though

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yet too feeble to rise, could sit up in bed supported by pillows. Her face, still pale and bearing signs of suffering and exhaustion, had gained a look of peace and rest. Every day she had asked Mrs. Conrad to read to her from the Bible; but now she was able to hold the small volume and read for herself a few verses at a time whenever she wished to do so.

"I've been wanting to see thee," she said, as Mrs. Conrad came into her room toward the close of the sixth day since her arrival. She had been absent longer than usual.

"Have you, child? Well, I've had a busy day; but it's over now. What is it? Anything I can do for you?"

Deborah fixed her eyes, into which a sober expression had crept, upon the kind old face that bent near her.

"I want to talk to thee," she said. There was a sign of weakness in her voice.

"Say on, child," was the hearty reply of Mrs. Conrad.

"Thee doesn't know anything about me," There was some hesitation and embarrassment in Deborah's manner, and a little huskiness in her voice. But both disappeared as she went on. "So far, thee has taken me on trust; but how much longer thee will do so I cannot tell. I would like to stay here for awhile; but if I stay I must still be taken on trust."

She saw a change in Mrs. Conrad's face. As she said the last word, she lifted a small satchel that was lying on the bed, and taking out a pocket-book, opened it and drew forth a small roll of bank-bills.

"But I do not mean to be a charge to thee," she went on. "Good-will and kindness are all I can take as free gifts; and these I will accept in any measure, and give thee love and gratitude in return. I have not the goods of this world in any large abundance, hut I have enough to keep me from being a charge to any one. And now let us settle how much I am to pay thee every week so long as thee will let me stay."

Mrs. Conrad tried to push back the money, but Deborah said: "Thee is a sensible woman, and knows that what I say is right. Let us deal honestly by each other, and so we shall be the faster friends. Take of this money what will pay thee justly—I know thee will take no more—and let that be the sum I am to hand thee every week."

"It shall be as you say," returned Mrs. Conrad, still refusing to accept the proffered bills; "but you must give me a little time to think. Tomorrow we will settle all this."

"And thee will take the rest on trust?" asked Deborah, with a quiet smile on her lips.

Mrs. Conrad shook her head as she replied: "I cannot answer for that. Kept secrets don't make fast friends, you know."

"We will wait," said Deborah, and her eyes drooped wearily.

This suspense over, the small excitement it had occasioned died away, and she lay back exhausted among the white pillows. As she did so, she coughed a little dry cough; and Mrs. Conrad, who sat watching her face closely, thought she saw

something like a faint spot of color on one of her cheeks.

Many days passed, and Deborah's strength came back very slowly. It was a month before she was strong enough to go down-stairs, and nearly two months before she went out. Meantime, try as she would, Mrs. Conrad was unable to draw from her a single word touching her previous life or place of residence, nor to get a hint of the reason why she was seeking to hide herself from her old friends. No letters came for her, and none were sent away. She stood as completely shut off from the past as though she were on a desert island. Every week she paid the sum for board which had been agreed upon.

For most of these two months her life was inward, so to speak. She would sit for hours, if left alone, reading a few verses or a chapter in the Bible now and then, but for a greater part of the time so completely absorbed in her own thoughts and feelings as to be nearly oblivious to external things. In the beginning, Mrs. Conrad tried, in her rough but kindly way, to break up those states of abstraction; but learned, in time, to let the quiet, patient girl alone.

"Thee must let nature have her way, friend Conrad," Deborah said to her one day, when she broke in upon her with more than her usual brusqueness of manner.

"But all this is against nature," retorted her kind friend. "Nature is active. Nature works."

"Does the wounded bird lie still and wait until its broken wing is healed, or flutter about in aimless suffering?" asked Deborah, fixing her large, calm eyes upon the face of Mrs. Conrad.

After that Mrs. Conrad let her alone. Gradually the life of Deborah began to flow outward again, and to rest in external things. She took more interest in what was passing around her, and one day showed so much pleasure when a blooming flower was brought in and set upon her windw-sill, that Mrs. Conrad gave her a dozen plants to beautify her room. In the care of these Deborah soon became interested.

"What is this?" she asked, not long afterward, taking up a small garment which was lying on Mrs. Conrad's work-basket.

"A calico slip that I'm making for a poor motherless baby," was replied.

"O-h!" The ejaculation long drawn, and in a tone of pity. "A motherless baby, did thee say?"

"Yes. A poor woman, whose husband, a good-for-nothing sot, made her life hard and sorrowful, died last week and left two babies, the oldest not three years of age. The drunken wretch of a father was going to let them be taken to the Alms-house; but some of the neighbors, poor and burdened with families of their own, couldn't see it done. Two of them came to me about it, and I told them that if they'd take the babies it shouldn't cost them a cent for clothes if I had to beg, borrow or steal enough to pay for what they wore. And so I'm doing my part, you see."

A sudden warmth flushed the face of Deborah; a sudden light illuminated her eyes.

"Oh! That was so good of thee!" she said, with much feeling, taking up the little garment

as she spoke and looking on it with manifest interest. "So very good of thee, friend Conrad!"

Then, as a smile played about her lips, she added: "But thee will not have to steal while I have anything to spare. Thee will let me help, won't thee?"

"Of course I will," was the prompt reply. "The good we do alone isn't half as sweet as the good we do in company."

Deborah looked over the slip with intelligent interest, handling it as one who knew the work and had skilled fingers. Then she drew the needle from where Mrs. Conrad had placed it on laying down the garment, and bending a seam about her finger, began sewing; at first with a quick hand, but soon showing signs of weakness. Perceiving this, Mrs. Conrad snatched the work away, saying: "All in good time; but not now, dearie! I'll finish this in an hour or two, and the baby shall have it on to-morrow morning. Get well as fast as you can, and if it is in your heart to help the poor and needy, I'll find plenty for you to do. There's a deal of want and suffering in Kedron, and lots of folks that might help. But they don't seem to care any more for poor people than they do for brute beasts; nor half as much, some of them."

The flush faded out of Deborah's face, and she leaned back in her chair, an expression of sadness gathering about her lips. A sense of her own weakness was lying heavily upon her heart, weighing down the new-born impulses that Mrs. Conrad's words had quickened into life.

"If I can only get back my strength again," she said, speaking in a tone of despondency; "but it comes so slowly."

A slight cough interrupted her. She laid her hand against her bosom and pressed it closely.

"Does it hurt you?" asked Mrs. Conrad, a look of concern in her eyes.

"Oh, no. It's nothing," replied Deborah. "Just a little dryness and tickling here," touching her throat-pit.

She coughed again two or three times; the blood rising to her face.

"I'm afraid you've taken cold," said Mrs. Conrad. "Let me put a shawl about your shoulders."

But Deborah said: "Oh, no; I'm warm enough. It isn't anything. Only just a little tickling in my throat."

Mrs. Conrad fixed on her a searching look, in which some anxiety was visible.

"Coughs are bad things, sometimes; and you must be careful of yourself."

"Oh, I'm careful enough. Thee needn't give thyself any trouble about this. It's nothing."

She coughed again as she closed the sentence; at which Mrs. Conrad looked more serious.

"There's a draft in this room," she said, glancing about. "Why just see! That window is down at the top! And the air is falling on your head like so much cold water!"

"Oh, that's of no account," returned Deborah, smiling. "I'm used to the fresh air and always get as much of it as I can. It oppresses me to be in a close room."

"More people die of fresh air than close air, as

you call it," said Mrs. Conrad. "A draft kills, often, as surely as a pistol shot."

She had risen and closed the window. "And now," she added, "I want you to act like a sensible young woman, and take proper care of yourself; that is, if you wish to live and be of some use in the world; as I hope you do. And remember that for sick and weakly people it is always safer to be too warm than too cold."

"I'll try and be a good girl," returned Deborah, smiling faintly, "and, while I'm sick, do as thee says. But I'm going to get well right fast now. Yes, I do want to be of some use in the world."

She laid her hand on the half-made baby's slip that Mrs. Conrad had taken from her; adding, in a tender undertone, that was spoken partly to herself: "Poor babies! I'm so glad they were not sent to the almshouse."

From that day a new life flowed through Deborah's veins. Thought turned from herself and went out in a desire to help others. The two motherless little ones seemed to be all the while on her mind, and she gave Mrs. Conrad money to be spent in procuring things needful to their comfort. In less than two weeks she was able to go down-stairs; and before the end of a month had walked out. As strength increased, she extended her walks, and as soon as she was able to go so far without too great fatigue, visited the babies in whom she had become so much interested. From that visit she came home greatly depressed in spirits. She had come in contact with life at a point farther down in the scale of human degradation, want and suffering than any with which she had hitherto been familiar. Pale, wasted, suffering faces; sad eyes, dreary eyes, hopeless eyes; images of squalor, vice and debasement haunted her like spectres, and laid upon her spirits a weight of concern that bore her down and robbed her, for a time, of strength.

"I didn't want you to visit 'Coulter's Row,'" said Mrs. Conrad, half fretfully, when she saw the effect produced on Deborah by this visit. "I knew you weren't strong enough to bear it. And, any how, it's no place for one like you. It's just as much as I can stand; and I don't go very often you may be sure. There isn't a worse neighborhood in Kedron. It's full of thieves and the vilest kind of people. I wonder you were not insulted. You mustn't go there again."

Deborah was lying on the bed with her eyes shut. She opened them as Mrs. Conrad ceased speaking and asked, as one upon whom a conviction of duty was beginning to press: "If we go into the wilderness, seeking for our Father's lost lambs, will He not protect us from the wolves?"

"If we put our hands into the fire will it not burn them?" replied Mrs. Conrad, in her decided way. "It won't matter any as to why we do it—whether to pull out a live coal or a burning baby. Fire is fire; and wolves are wolves; they burn and bite whatever comes in their way."

Deborah sighed faintly and her lashes fell slowly upon her cheeks.

"It's all very good of you to want to help the poor and needy," Mrs. Conrad added; and you'll

find plenty of opportunities, without running the risk of insult and getting into harm's way."

"But isn't it dreadful to know that such awful degradation and suffering exist?" said Deborah. "Somebody's to blame for it. Somebody's responsible. I saw things to-day that make me shiver whenever I think of them. Why, Mrs. Conrad," and she raised herself upon one arm in the excitement that suddenly took hold upon her, "it seemed as if liquor were sold in every other house and hovel. And in one of the shops I saw boys drinking at the bar! Don't the people in Kedron know of this?"

"The thing isn't done in a corner," replied Mrs. Conrad. "It's all open and above board. But none are so blind as those who won't see, you know."

Deborah remained leaning upon her arm and looking at Mrs. Conrad for several moments, the flush of color which had come into her face slowly dying out, until its pallor returned. Then, with a sigh and closing lids, she sunk back among the pillows, and lay as still as if sleep had locked her senses. Mrs. Conrad sat looking at her for several minutes, and then rising quietly went out and left her alone.

As Deborah gained strength, the conviction steadily forced itself upon her mind that God had a work for her in Kedron, and that it was for this cause that she had been led hither. The pressure of this thought, which grew heavier day by day, impeded the healthy flow of life in her veins, and held her longer in states of depression both as to mind and body. But there was a renewing vitality in her young blood that steadily asserted itself, and lifted her out of the physical weakness which had so long held her bound. Then her life began to flow out in daily charities, but in such unobtrusive ways that, with few exceptions, only the humble and the very poor took note of her presence in Kedron. Among the immediate neighbors and friends of Mrs. Conrad, the mystery that hung about the young Quakeress was a source of varied gossip and speculation; but beyond this narrow circle the place knew and cared little for the plainly-dressed young woman seen now and then moving along the street, and usually carrying a small basket in her hand.

As Deborah grew stronger, she gave herself more and more freely to her work among the sick and poor, and found therein an increasing absorption and delight. Mrs. Conrad tried to hold her back, in fear that her strength might not be equal to the increasing strain; but she found her will, as set against that of the strange young girl, a steadily diminishing force. Reason and remonstrance were of no avail. The native shrewdness and common sense of Mrs. Conrad proved no match for the clear thoughts, fine intuitions and well-furnished mind of Deborah, who met her objections and parried her arguments in a way that left them usually weak and harmless.

Gradually, as time wore on, and Deborah acquired a larger familiarity with the sin and suffering by which the town was cursed, did her absorption in her self-imposed mission increase, and her sphere of activity widen, until from a minister

of help and comfort to the sick and needy, she rose to the level of a rebuker and a reformer. In this she was not moved, as are too many, by a love of notoriety, but impelled by deep convictions of duty. She felt herself constrained of the Spirit to bear testimony against the evils that met her at every turn, and to do what in her power might lie for their removal. And so she laid her hand upon her native sensitiveness and love of retirement, and held them down, while she walked out into the highways of sin and challenged to combat some of the bitterest and most implacable enemies of God and humanity. With what result the reader has seen.

Deborah had miscalculated her strength. Or, it were better said, had entered into the conflict without any thought of her own strength. She heard a voice saying, "Go up to battle against these Philistines;" and, obeying the injunction, she had gone up and met the encounter. The shock had proved too great for her. But she made a noble fight, doing deeds of valor that weakened the enemy, and lifted her to the place of a heroine in the eyes of a rebuked and wondering people. But there are martyrs as well as heroes in every good cause; and the place of Deborah was that of the martyr rather than the hero. Still, it is by the martyr fire and pain that the hero spirit is aroused. She had the fine quality, the self-forgetfulness, the courage and endurance of the martyr; but for the successful soldier, coarser and sterner stuff is needed. There was plenty of this stuff in Kedron. It only needed impulse and organization. Deborah's bold onset, made in a strength born of her noble enthusiasm, gave the needed impulse; and as she fell back, weak and exhausted, a sound of gathering forces began to burden the air.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE work that fell from Deborah's loosened grasp did not lie for an instant upon the ground. Many reached forth to take it up again and bear it on to a wider completeness than she could possibly have achieved. From two small, weak hands, as the agent of a spirit seeking to do good, large results often come; but if that spirit can so act upon other spirits as to set a hundred hands in motion, the good done may be multiplied a hundred fold.

So it was that Deborah Norman's work was multiplied. As her hands dropped, powerless to respond any longer to the ardor of her strong desires, her spirit seemed to go out and pervade the whole mental atmosphere of Kedron, and give the inspiration of her own loving heart to hundreds who, until then, had scarcely thought of the poor, the sick, the suffering and the oppressed who were all around them, and whose cries, though unheeded by men, had reached to the ears of God.

As Deborah's strength came slowly back, and she was able to leave her bed and sit up for a few hours at a time, her heart took up once more its burden of care for others. There was Fanny Williams, and Mrs. Pyne, and Mr. Gilbert, and half a dozen more, a concern for whom lay heavy at her heart. The very thought of them and their needs,

extremities and perils, gave her pulse a quicker beat, and sent a tremor of unhealthy excitement along her nerves, hindering instead of aiding her convalescence.

One day, as she was sitting up, resting against the pillows which had been arranged for her in a wide, old, easy chair, her mind going back with more absorption than usual to the work which had dropped out of her hands, Mrs. Conrad saw by the expression of her pale face that her thoughts were troubled.

"You are not feeling so well to-day," she said, with tender concern.

"Oh, yes. I'm gaining a little all the while," Deborah answered. "I'm a great deal stronger than I was. I ought to get down-stairs in a day or two."

There was a low, eager thrill in her voice. "Don't thee think I will be strong enough to go out next week? I must be going out. There's so much for me to do."

"There isn't a single thing for you to do but stay here and get well as fast as you can," said Mrs. Conrad, with a chiding positiveness in both voice and manner. "That's your work now, and I don't want to hear about anything else."

Deborah sighed. An expression of sadness settled about her mouth. The form which had lifted itself from among the pillows, sank back again. The eyes closed languidly.

"If you don't stop worrying about things, you'll never get well," Mrs. Conrad added, half impatiently.

"But what are some of those people to do? There's Fanny Williams. She's on my mind all the while."

"Oh, you needn't trouble yourself about Fanny Williams!" replied Mrs. Conrad. "She's all right."

"What does thee mean?" Deborah's eyes flew wide open and she leaned forward in her chair.

"I knew you'd be worrying about the girl, and so I went to Myrtle Street this morning to ask how she was getting on. I didn't see her, but Mrs. Jacobs, who rents her a room, told me a piece of good news."

"What was it?"

"She said that somebody had sent Fanny a letter with money in it—fifty dollars. She didn't know where it came from. It hadn't any name signed to it; but it told her to be a good girl, and not to have anything to do with a young man named Victor Howe; and not to go again to work in Deacon Strong's mill; and to be sure to tell you everything about herself, and to trust you as her best friend. She's coming to see you just as soon as she's strong enough to go out, and will show you the letter—so Mrs. Jacobs told me."

Several moments passed before Deborah made any reply to this.

"A letter containing fifty dollars?" she said, at length, with something more than a passing concern in her voice.

"Yes; fifty dollars."

"Was the letter in a man's handwriting?"

"Mrs. Jacobs didn't say."

"I must see Fanny right soon. Doesn't thee

think I will be strong enough to go out next week?"

"No. But Fanny will be well enough to come and see you by that time, I hope. She's picking up right fast, and has been down-stairs two or three times."

"I wonder who could have sent her that money? Her people don't live in Kedron?"

"No."

"Did she tell thee anything about them?"

"No. It's curious, isn't it? Fifty dollars! That's a sight of money!"

Mrs. Conrad's "good news" did not make the cheery impression she had thought to give. It only set Deborah's concern for the girl to a keener edge, and filled her mind with troubling doubts and questions. It was some relief that her unknown friend had warned her against Victor Howe. Could it be Deacon Strong? No; she soon dismissed that thought. She was certain the deacon would never have sent the girl so large a sum of money at one time; and then the letter had enjoined on her not to go back again to work in his mill.

"I'm sorry I told you anything about it," said Mrs. Conrad, as she saw the shadows creeping over Deborah's face. "Can't you trust the girl to Providence? She's just as much in God's hands now as when you were strong enough to look after her."

"I know; I know," replied Deborah, her face brightening a little. "God's care for her will not fail because I am too weak to be His instrument."

"Of course not. So let your heart be at rest. It will all come out right."

"Yes, it will all come out right. I'm sure of that. But I'm so weak; and there is so much that I could do to help."

"Maybe you might hinder instead of helping," suggested Mrs. Conrad. "We don't always know what is best. It's wonderful how we're hedged up or turned aside, sometimes, to keep us from doing more harm than good."

"Does thee think that is my case?" queried Deborah, as she saw the lips of her good friend shut with a firm expression.

"It looks as if it might be so; and I shouldn't wonder if it was," returned Mrs. Conrad, bluntly. "There's one thing certain," she added, after a moment's hesitation, "if I'd had the ordering of things, I'd have done with you pretty much as the Lord has done—shut you up here and taken the management of affairs into my own hands."

Deborah only sighed; and Mrs. Conrad saw the shadows which had been lifted away from her countenance, steal back over it again, and the pallor grow deeper. This was followed by a shiver, and then came a slight paroxysm of coughing, which sent a spot of color to her cheeks and brightened her dull eyes.

"My poor child!" said Mrs. Conrad, with motherly tenderness, as she drew the light shawl, which had fallen back, closely about Deborah's shoulders and chest. "You're too weak to talk about these things; and if you don't let them alone you'll never get well."

The door-bell rang, and Mrs. Conrad went down-stairs. It was over twenty minutes before she returned.

"It's all going to come out right," she said, with animation, as she entered the chamber, "and a great deal better than if the management of things had been left in your poor little hands. Who do you think were here just now? Why Mrs. Judge Levering and our minister's wife."

"What did they want?" asked Deborah.

"They came to see you. But I told them you were not strong enough to bear any excitement to-day."

"To see me?"

"Yes, to see you."

"It wasn't right to tell them that. I could have seen them."

"I must be the judge, child. The doctor says you must be kept quiet, and I'm going to mind the doctor."

"Why did they wish to see me?"

"To have a little talk, and sweeten you up," replied Mrs. Conrad, a smile twinkling in her eyes and curving her lips. "They came here from Coulter's Row."

"Indeed!" A flash of interest broke into Deborah's face.

"Yes; and they saw Mrs. Pyne."

"Oh! Did they? Well, what about her?"

"She's all right. Doing nicely. Her husband keeps straight on working, and hasn't tasted a drop so far."

"Oh, I'm so glad! So glad!" ejaculated Deborah, clasping her hands, while a warm flush spread over her face.

"They're a committee, you see," said Mrs. Conrad, "and have visited every family in the neighborhood. Things have got stirred up. The truth is, you stirred them up. That was your work, I suppose. Only you didn't know just where to stop. But that's the way with some people when they get going. They keep right on until they wear themselves out, or run into something they'd no business to meddle with, and get thrown from the track; and they're never good for much afterward. Well, you, see, things have got waked up in Kedron. There's been a meeting of ladies, and I don't know all they're going to do. But Mrs. Judge Levering says that the poor are going to be better cared for; and that something must be done to lessen, or stop altogether, the curse of liquor-selling. And I'll tell you what she said about you. I reckon it won't do you any harm. She said that you had shamed them all, and that she wanted to see you just as soon as I thought it would be safe, so that she could take hold of your hand and say, 'God bless you, my sister!'"

Deborah was too weak to bear this without a sob and a rush of tears to her eyes. But, while it moved her feelings, it was like a peaceful benediction to her spirit. It did not turn her heart downward in self-satisfaction, but upward in grateful love to God, who had made her an instrument of good to others.

From that time a great change was visible. When Mrs. Conrad came back to her room half

an hour afterward, she found her in bed, lying with closed eyes, and with something in the expression of her quiet face that made her heart grow still for a moment. As she stood looking down upon her, Deborah's eyes opened. They were full of a strange light. She did not speak, but a faint smile hovered about her lips. Mrs. Conrad only bent down and kissed her; then went out, touched and softened. But she did not remain long away. The pressure of a new fear was on her heart. She found Deborah lying as before, with closed eyes and placid face, on which a light seemed shining. This time she sat down by the bedside, saying, as the girl looked up: "You are weaker than I had thought. It has been too much for you. If all the town calls, you shall not know of it."

"Thee is very kind," returned Deborah. "But thee needn't be afraid for me. God is good, and will not forget His suffering and needy children because my poor strength has failed. I am so comforted to know that stronger hearts and hands than mine are coming up to the help of the Lord, and that I can rest for a little while and recover myself."

"All will go on right; never fear," said Mrs. Conrad, with strong assurance. "Your business is to rest now; to stand and wait."

"Which is the hardest thing to do, sometimes," replied Deborah, a slight depression of feeling showing itself in her voice. "But I am going to be resigned and patient," she added. "If my hands are too weak for labor, I will fold them across my breast and be quiet. God's time shall be my time; and God's will my will. He shall choose for me."

"And He will choose what is best, and make all come out right. You may trust Him for that," answered Mrs. Conrad, her eyes filling with tears.

CHAPTER XX.

BUT Deborah did not renew her strength. The overstrain had been too severe. In her delicately-organized system the seeds of a fatal disease had been lying for many years, and now, when the vital forces were low, they had sprung into germination, and struck their exhausting roots into the ground of her physical life. Her pale, pure face, growing thinner and more spiritual every day, and wearing at times a warning flush, told all who looked upon her the story of an early and sure decay.

For a long while she would not believe that her strength had departed, never to be renewed again, but held fast to the hope of a recovery that would give her back to the work which still lay near her heart. That a larger good was being done in Kedron among the poor, the vicious and the wrongdoers and their suffering victims, than could possibly have been accomplished by her alone, she knew from the tidings that came to her sick chamber; but she did not see in all this her own life and inspiration as others saw them. She was often made glad, and her heart filled with thankfulness by what she heard; but her conscious weakness in comparison with the strength

that others were giving so generously in good works, left too frequently a pressure of sadness on her spirit. Good Mrs. Conrad, who was coming day by day nearer in spirit to Deborah, began to perceive her true states of feeling, and to minister to them more wisely than at first.

"Dear heart!" she said to her one morning when Deborah had sighed for her departing strength; "don't you know that weak things are most powerful sometimes? And let me tell you that Deborah Norman is stronger in Kedron now than she was two months ago, and doing vastly more good."

But Deborah shook her head in a weary, desponding manner.

"I'm going to tell you something. I heard it only this morning. They opened a Mission School down by Coulter's Row last Sunday, and had in over forty children."

"Oh! That is good!" Deborah's face brightened.

"Many of the first ladies and gentlemen in town have taken hold of this Mission, and are going to make a thorough change in that ungodly region. Every family is to be visited, the poor helped, and the bad reformed, if possible. And they're going to see all the landlords who own houses that are used for rum-selling, or kept as dens of vice and crime. Some of these, like Deacon Strong, will be shamed into better things. It's just what's been wanted, and is going to do a world of good. And that isn't all," Mrs. Conrad added, with a smile that heralded something still more pleasant to communicate. To the look of inquiry that rested on the sick girl's countenance she replied: "The Mission has been called '**THE DEBORAH NORMAN MISSION.**'"

Over the pale face of the young Quakeress passed a flush of surprise, the warm blood mounting to her forehead and temples.

"No—no. That cannot be," she said, in a tone of depreciation.

"Yes. It is the '**DEBORAH NORMAN MISSION**', and rightly named; for you are its founder," returned Mrs. Conrad. "The good Lord knows how best to use us. The weak young girl, with a heart full of pity and love, was no match for the enemy of souls and bodies who is among us; but now that her spirit is going out into other spirits, and causing a host to spring up and stand in battle array, victory for the Lord is sure!"

Mrs. Conrad bent over Deborah and kissed her with more than motherly tenderness. Reverence, as for one set apart, was visible in her manner.

An expression of doubt and trouble mingled with the surprise that rested on Deborah's face. The communication of Mrs. Conrad disturbed her spirit. It was something so unexpected, so out of the common order of events in her quiet life. She was borne down and oppressed for awhile; hurt rather than made glad by this unexpected intelligence. She was not ready to be so lifted into the public gaze. Her work, in her own regard, had been of small account. She had taken no praise to herself; but rather blame for doing so little, and for being the weak coward at heart that she knew herself to be; for in no case had she marched

boldly to the conflict, but in constrained obedience to conscious duty, and with a fear and reluctance almost impossible to overcome—fighting two battles at the same time; one with the powers of evil and the other with herself.

"It is not well," she said, in a veiled and husky voice, as the sudden color which had crimsoned her face went slowly out, and left it paler than before.

"And I say it is well!" spoke out Mrs. Conrad, with decision. "Honor to whom honor is due."

"Then give it to God," said Deborah, with pious self-rejection, looking upward as she spoke. "Every right purpose and true thought are from Him; and the good we do in obedience to these is only God's work in us. If we take praise to ourselves we rob God. Our reward for doing good is not the praise of men, but the sweet peace that flows into us from Heaven—peace which passeth all understanding. No, it is not well."

"There, there, don't be foolish, child! It didn't just happen—come by accident, as we say. The good Father's hand is in it somewhere or somehow; that's plain enough to me. It's all right that you don't feel puffed up about it; I'd be sorry enough to see that. But you ought to be glad and comforted to know that, though sick and weak almost as a baby, your name is a tower of strength, and that when men and women hear it spoken they are filled with some of the spirit that led you to brave and loving deeds. Though I must say," and Mrs. Conrad's voice fell back a little from its fine enthusiasm, "as I have said a dozen times before, that I can't approve of all you've been doing, though, bless your dear heart! You meant right; and I'm as proud of you as if you were my own flesh and blood."

It took Deborah a long while to get reconciled to this use of her name. An uncomfortable sense of shrinking from the unwonted notoriety, troubled her whenever a thought of it passed through her mind; but as tidings came from time to time of the rapidly extending work, and of the great good that was being done, she half forgot the association of her name with the Mission in the pleasure felt at its achievements.

Spring found her waiting in hope for the elixir of a new life that was to fill the balmy air, and give its strength to her weak and exhausted body. But it came with refreshment for her spirit only; not with the stronger pulse-beat and tenser nerve and muscle she had so much desired. Day by day, as the trees put on their new vestments, and the flowers poured forth from their thousand chalises rich treasures of sweetness, did Deborah sit in her little chamber and look out longingly upon the fair world, which had never seemed so beautiful as now, yet not drinking in at every pore the new vigor she had hoped to receive. As the airs grew softer and warmer, the gentle girl, whose spirit had transfused itself with a subtle and mysterious potency into the lives of so many in Kedron, found herself an object of loving care. Every day her chamber was brightened by flowers, and cheered by visits; often she was driven out in the carriages of the rich for air and change—Mrs. Conrad's strong arms bearing her

down-stairs, and back again to her room, with a tender concern beautiful to see. But vain was all this kind ministration. The forces of life were not renewed. A fatal disease had found a lodgment in her system, and no human power could stop its progress. Before the spring was lost in summer, Deborah had seen the truth. Hard to bear at first, it was at length accepted with a pious resignation that touched all who came near her, and gave to her chamber an atmosphere of heavenly peace. None came to visit her who did not go away in a better frame of mind. Out of her narrow dwelling place went spiritual forces that were felt all through the town. Women, at work in the field, from which loss of strength had compelled her to retire, often came to her with drooping hands and failing hearts; but went back again filled with her spirit of faith and patience, stronger for duty than before. The baffled, the doubting, the impatient, the narrow-minded and the prejudiced, all found in her a wise counsellor, and out of her simple utterances gathered courage and faith—a wider charity and a more Christian toleration. Though she knew it not, more than once, or even twice, the work of the mission that bore her name was saved by her from great hindrance, if not destruction. A true word spoken at the right time; a drop of oil on troubled waters; a suggestion of patience and self-repression, coming at the right moment and in the right spirit, had power to avert the threatened evil.

One day, it was nearly three months from the time her failing strength had hedged her in, Deborah heard a carriage stop before the door. After several minutes, Mrs. Conrad came to her room with a look of mystery and surprise on her face.

"This beats all, I must say!" she broke in, with half-repressed excitement. "Now, if you were to guess for an hour, you couldn't tell who'd sent for you."

"Then I won't try," answered Deborah, smiling.

"Deacon Strong!" said Mrs. Conrad, the wonder in her face increasing. "Mrs. Strong has come in her carriage, and is down-stairs, and she says her husband's been low-spirited and in a strange kind of a way for ever so long. Can't sleep o' nights; and is worrying himself about religion and all that. Humph! Never supposed he had much to worry about! But, it's only fair to say that since he got hurt in the mill he's been acting, as far as I've heard, a great deal more like a Christian than ever before. And he's sent for you. Wants to see you about something. But I told Mrs. Strong that I didn't think you were well enough to go out today; and, besides, the air is damp and raw."

"I can wrap up warmly," returned Deborah, rising as she spoke. "If the deacon has sent for me, I must go."

It was in vain Mrs. Conrad remonstrated, saying that she had not been so well for her ride on the day before, and urging the danger of any excitement that might attend an interview with Deacon Strong. Deborah was resolved to obey the summons, and Mrs. Conrad, protesting all the while, made her ready, and then lifting her in her arms, carried her down into the parlor, where Mrs.

Strong was waiting an answer to the request of her husband. At sight of Deborah's thin, white face and large, spiritual eyes, Mrs. Strong was so moved that for some moments she was not able to speak. As Mrs. Conrad placed her in a chair, Mrs. Strong, with eyes full of tears, that she could not hold back, and in a voice broken by feeling, said: "I'm afraid you are not well enough. I didn't know you were so weak. But my poor husband has set his heart on seeing you."

Deborah smiled up sweetly into Mrs. Strong's face as she replied, in a gentle, submissive way: "I shall have all the strength I need." Then asked, as her thought went from herself to the deacon, "How is friend Strong?"

"Miserable, in body as well as in mind," replied Mrs. Strong. "He'll never be himself again. We did hope, after his arm was cut off, and the broken bones set, and he'd been doctored up, that he'd come all right again, except for the loss of his arm. But he was hurt inwardly worse than we had supposed. And then erysipelas came into the crushed knee before it healed, and all the bones had to be taken out, they were so much diseased. He's had a very hard time, and is dreadfully down and discouraged. Maybe you can comfort him a little. Mr. Deering comes round often to talk and pray with him; but, somehow, his visits don't seem to do Mr. Strong any good. He's gloomier after the parson goes away than before he came."

"If you're bent on going," Mrs. Conrad here broke in, not at all careful to keep the protest she felt out of her voice, "we'd better be moving; for you've got no strength to waste."

As she spoke she put her arms under Deborah to lift her up and take her to the carriage, but Deborah said: "No, thank thee; I'll just lean on thee, and walk to the door myself."

"She'll do nothing of the kind," returned Mrs. Conrad, sharply and with authority. Then picking her up as if she were only a child, she bore her out and placed her in the carriage, which she entered without waiting for an invitation from Mrs. Strong, and taking a seat beside the girl drew an arm about her for support.

Arrived at the house of Deacon Strong, Deborah was carried to an upper chamber and placed in a large cushioned chair, with pillows so arranged that she could rest as easily as if lying on a bed. Here she was left alone with Mrs. Conrad. But soon Mrs. Strong came back from the adjoining room, to which she had gone, and said that her husband wished to have an interview with Deborah alone.

"I'm afraid she's too weak for all this," interposed Mrs. Conrad, with real anxiety. She saw by the brightness in Deborah's eyes and the spots warming on her cheeks, that she was under considerable excitement, though externally calm.

"As our day is so shall our strength be," Deborah responded, with a smile on her pale lips.

A man servant entered and wheeled the chair in which Deborah was seated into the adjoining room, placing her close to Deacon Strong, who sat at a table on which lay books and papers; then retired, shutting the door behind him and leaving them alone.

Deborah hardly recognized in the thin-visaged, hollow-eyed, depressed-looking man before her, the sturdy, hard, self-sufficient, aggressive and defiant Deacon Strong, against whose unchristian deed she had, only a few months before, given her faithful testimony. But white, and wasted, and shorn of her strength, though Deborah was, she was changed to the deacon's eyes only in the higher purity and angelic sweetness of her serene countenance. He had the impression of an angel's presence; and the hard, aching pain and unrest that were in his heart, and the gloomy shadows that environed him, were in an instant half removed.

Neither spoke until the door was shut and they were alone together. Then the deacon leaned forward in his chair, and taking Deborah's hand said, with a weakness and tremor in his voice that he could not hide: "It was good of you to come, Miss Norman; but I was not aware that you were so very weak. I'm afraid I've done wrong."

"No; thee has done right, friend Strong. If thee had sent for me before, I would have come. I'm sorry thee gets well so slowly. But our Father knows what is best; and thee is in His loving hands."

Deborah saw the light which had broken into the deacon's gloomy face go out.

"There doesn't seem to be much love in all this," he answered, coldly, glancing down at his empty sleeve and at the shrunken limbs that still refused to bear his weight. "I see only anger; not love. These are signs of displeasure; not of the pity and loving kindness of God."

As the deacon spoke, the whole aspect of his countenance changed.

"Thee has forgotten," said Deborah, "the beautiful hymn which says—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

She repeated the lines in a low, quiet voice that fell upon the deacon's agitated soul with a power even more tranquilizing than the assuring sentiments of the hymn from which so many thousands of doubting hearts have, in the past and present generations, drawn strength and comfort.

After the pause of a few moments, to give time for a change in the deacon's state of mind, Deborah said, with a strong assurance in her voice: "God is love; and love, therefore, must be at the heart of all His dealings with the children of men."

"I do not know," answered the deacon, "just what God's love means. The more I think about it the more I get confused. I am in doubt, and fear, and great darkness. I have lost the old landmarks of faith; the old foundations on which my hopes rested have all been removed."

"The true landmarks are still where God placed

them, and the foundations, on which all men may build, lie solid and sure, and will abide forever," said Deborah, gently, yet earnestly.

"What would I not give, Miss Norman, for your faith and confidence!" exclaimed Deacon Strong. "But you are pure and good, and I—"

"There is none good but one; that is God," answered Deborah, interrupting him.

"Yes, yes, I know; but some hearts drink in His goodness as a flower drinks in the sunshine; while others, like mine, only reflect the heavenly rays and never feel its warmth at the centre. I have tried to serve God; but my service does not seem to avail anything. I am like one rejected, and under His displeasure. I read, and pray, and think, and do all the good I can, in my weak, almost helpless condition; but I seem to be getting farther off, instead of nearer to God, Miss Norman!" The deacon became agitated. "It was your hand that disturbed the foundations on which my soul once rested; your clearer sight that showed the fallacy of my hope of acceptance with Him who said, 'As much as ye did it not unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not unto me'; and now, in despair of pleasing God by walking in the ways you pointed out, I come to you again."

"The ways I pointed out! Thee misapprehended me, I fear," said Deborah, in manifest surprise. "There is only one way to Heaven. The Lord said: 'I am the way, the truth and the life.' We must follow as He leads. His precepts are very plain; and His life in the world the pattern of our Christian lives."

"That is, we must be just and merciful in all our dealings with our fellow-men; must regard the poor, and feed the hungry, and clothe the naked; must do as we would be done by?"

"Yes."

"All this I have been trying to do for months past, Miss Norman. You may have heard about my refusal to renew leases to men who sold liquor, and about the improvements I have made in the houses of poor tenants; in some cases expending over a year's rent in fitting them up more comfortably. And I have tried, through Mr. Trueford, my excellent superintendent, to be very considerate of my work-people at the mill, and to do by them as I would like them to do by me if our conditions were reversed. I can't visit the poor and the sick, but I am ready to contribute, and do contribute, my portion to aid them. But all does not seem to bring me any nearer to God; nor to give me the light of His countenance. I seem to be getting farther and farther away from Him; to be displeasing Him, instead of coming into His favor. Oh, I am in such doubt, and darkness, and fear, sometimes, sitting helpless in this room, or lying on my bed through long, wakeful hours in the night watches, that I am tempted to believe myself a castaway. There is an unpardonable sin, you know!"

The deacon's breath came hard. He leaned toward Deborah—hope struggling with fear in his countenance—as toward one who had power to help him.

"God never casts off a human soul," answered

Deborah, "but saves to the uttermost all who come unto Him."

"But how am I to 'come unto Him,' Miss Norman?" eagerly asked the deacon. "Who will show me the right path? Once I thought myself walking in the King's highway. I felt confident, and at peace with God. I counted myself as one of His children. But this has passed, and I can never again feel secure, as of old, resting in mere faith. And yet doing the good works enjoined by the Lord does not help me. I seem to be farther off from Him to-day than when I began this new life; and my soul is in greater darkness. Mr. Deering says that it is because I am dishonoring God. That instead of trusting to His grace, as in former times, to make me inwardly pure and clean, and so meet for His kingdom, I am trying to earn a right to enter Heaven through good works. O Miss Norman, the doubt and the conflict into which I am cast is fearful. I cannot again rest in a mere act of faith as the passport to divine favor; and yet, in trying through good works to make my calling and election sure, I am tormented with fears, lest in so doing I am rejecting the only way of salvation—that of simple grace, and spiritual washing through faith in the atoning blood of the Lamb. Very certain it is that I am far from enjoying the peace of mind I once possessed—a peace that is gone, I fear, forever. The new way into which my feet have entered has not, so far, proved a plain and easy way; and there is no light beyond."

Deborah waited for some moments after the deacon had ceased speaking before making a reply.

"Neither by faith nor by good works is a man saved," she said, in a low voice; not gravely, but with a quiet smile on her lips. "These are only the means of salvation. He that trusts to either faith or good works rests in a vain hope. We must become like-minded with God before we can enter Heaven."

The deacon looked at her with a new expression on his countenance, in which a ray of light threaded its gloomy shadows.

"In fact," added Deborah, "this like-mindedness is Heaven. God is love. He is the great Lover and the great Giver. And when we have His love in our hearts we are in Heaven. Mere faith will not give us this love, for no effort of the will and thought can change our vile and selfish affections into such love as angels feel. Nor will good works, if done from selfish motives, and merely to earn the favor of God, as thee seems to have been doing them, friend Strong, avail anything. I do not wonder that God seems very far off from thee, nor that thy mind is in darkness. Thee has not understood the divine law. Thee has been trying to earn Heaven by good works, instead of seeking to have thy inner life so changed that good works will flow forth as a stream from a fountain."

A deep flush overspread the deacon's face. Deborah's charge of selfishness as the inspiration of his just and charitable deeds, startled and half angered him; but with the charge came a revelation of its truth. She had uncovered himself to

himself. He saw that she had struck the keynote to his life.

"Neither by faith nor works, but by the new birth, do we enter Heaven," said Deborah, pursuing her theme. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again. Now it is in the sincere denial of our natural and selfish affections, and in the effort through divine assistance humbly implored (in our own strength we can do nothing) to live right according to God's law, that spiritual life is born. It is feeble in the commencement, as the life of a new-born infant; and must be fed, and clothed, and watched over with tender solicitude. It is God's new and higher life in us; and as it increases and gains strength, heavenly affections pervade our souls, and from duty service becomes a delight. The natural man lives in this lower and outer world, while the spiritual man lives in Heaven; but it is the office of the spiritual man to bring all the powers of the natural man under its influence, so that the lower life that touches the world may be full of charity and blessing, and that good works may be done from love and not constraint. Where love of the neighbor prompts to action, Heaven is already in the soul, and delight comes as the reward of doing good. Does thee not understand all this, friend Strong?"

It was some time before the deacon replied. Deborah had given his thoughts a new direction. He saw in what she had uttered a higher and purer truth, but could not rise to it.

"With you," he said, "I believe in a new birth. It is the doctrine of our church, and the doctrine of the Bible. 'Except ye are converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.' There is nothing more plainly taught than this."

"And yet," answered Deborah, "if we take the lives of many professing Christians as we see them exhibited in the world, we find little evidence of this new birth."

"But little, I fear," returned the deacon.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

"And yet," spoke out the deacon, recovering himself, "when we look around us, do we not find evidences of the noblest Christian charity? Millions of dollars are expended every year by Christian men and women to promote the Gospel, and to minister to the needs of the poor, the ignorant and the suffering. Could this be if the love of Christ were not in the hearts of His children, prompting them to good works?"

"Far be it from me," replied Deborah, "to disparage any good that is done in the name of Christ. It fills my heart with gladness to see all this, and to know that the hungry are fed, the sick and suffering relieved, and the Gospel preached to the poor. But I fear that many who are giving of their substance for these things will lose their best and highest reward, because doing it selfishly, and not from a heavenly love shed abroad in their souls."

"Do you mean to say, by this, that all a man's good deeds in the world are to go for nothing, if his heart is not right with God in the sense you

have stated?" asked the deacon, with a dry huskiness in his voice. He scarcely needed Deborah's answer to make his convictions stronger than they were at that moment.

"It is neither a man's faith nor his deeds that gives him acceptance with God; but his quality. Not what he believes or does; but *what he is*. It is the heavenly mind that fits a man for Heaven. He enters Heaven as soon as this mind is formed in him, even though still in the world. And there is no other way of entrance. If a man does not enter the heavenly kingdom, in which love to the Lord and love to the neighbor rule, while yet in his natural life, he will be forever shut out. Death cannot change his quality, for death is only a separation of the spirit from its earthly body. The man, as to his ruling affections, is just the same after, as before, his removal from this lower world. If he be a lover of self, he will remain a lover of self still, and find his habitation among those who are like him; but if love to the Lord and love to the neighbor rule in his heart, angels will receive him into their blessed companionship, for he will be like them, and will dwell with them forever."

The deacon bowed his head and remained silent. Deborah, who had grown excited in the earnestness of her desire to lead this man into a truer ideal of the Christian life and character than any into which he had yet risen, sunk back in her chair with a sense of exhaustion that was soon followed by faintness. The air grew dark around her, and she seemed to herself like one falling through space. A low, strange sound, moaning through her lips, caused the deacon to lift his eyes from the floor. A white face, that seemed stricken by death, was before him. An alarmed cry, and a sudden stroke of the call-bell on the deacon's table, startled Mrs. Conrad, who was anxiously waiting in the adjoining room the termination of an interview which she had good reason to fear would tax too severely the sick girl's wan strength. She was at Deborah's side in time to catch her in her arms as she was falling from the chair.

"You've killed the poor child!" she cried, wildly, as she bore her across the room to a lounge, where, dropping on her knees, she began chafing the small, thin hands that were already cold and clammy. "I knew she wasn't strong enough! I said all I could against it. But some people don't care who dies so they live."

Mrs. Conrad was not choice of her words. Anger, alarm and dislike of Deacon Strong ruled her for the time, and leaped into passionate utterance.

"Go for the doctor!" called out the deacon, sharply, as his servant-man entered the room, following close upon Mrs. Conrad.

When the doctor arrived, he found Deborah still insensible. She lay upon the lounge on which she had been placed, so ashen-pale and still, that even the physician was in doubt as to whether or not her spirit had passed the bourne of mortality. Respiration had ceased, and there was no perceptible heart-beat. To all outward seeming she was dead.

Mrs. Conrad, who had been using all the means of restoration within her reach, ceased her efforts on the doctor's arrival, and made way for him beside the unconscious girl, watching him with the keenest scrutiny as he bent over and examined her. She did not read the hope her heart longed for in his serious face. For nearly twenty minutes she held down her feelings, anxiously waiting, but in vain, to see some sign of life in answer to the doctor's efforts. Then, as one borne away by the breaking through of strongly-repressed feelings, she pushed the physician aside almost rudely, and lifting the girl in her strong arms, turned quickly, moving toward the door of the room.

"What are you going to do, Mrs. Conrad?" demanded the doctor. He was surprised and half offended by her singular conduct.

"Going to take this poor lamb home," replied Mrs. Conrad, in a voice so choked by feeling that all hearts were touched.

"No, no!" cried Deacon Strong, in great agitation. "Don't let her do it! Don't! Don't!"

"My dear Mrs. Conrad," interposed Mrs. Strong, getting between her and the door, "let me beg of you to be calm and wait. Carry her into my room and lay her on my bed; but don't, don't think of taking her away in this condition! Her life is hanging on a thread, and you may snap it in two."

The doctor, recovering himself, came forward, and putting his hand on Mrs. Conrad, said, with a warning emphasis in his voice: "Yes; her life hangs on a single thread, which a breath may sever. I will not answer for it if you persist in removing her now."

"Let me go!" answered Mrs. Conrad, sternly. "She'll lie as easily in my arms as on the softest bed in this house." Pushing past them, she made her way down-stairs, holding Deborah in her arms with as little apparent effort as if she were but a child, and paying no heed to the deacon's imploring appeals for her to wait until the carriage could be brought. On gaining the street, Mrs. Conrad fled along the pavement, taking the nearest direction to her own house; but not without attracting the attention of more than a score of astonished people, some of whom followed, curious to learn the meaning of so strange a sight.

"Go! go, doctor!" urged Deacon Strong, as he saw Mrs. Conrad disappear from the room, and heard the sound of her hurrying feet on the stairs. "Follow her home, and do all in your power to save that young woman's life."

Professional anger held the doctor for only a moment or two. His better feelings, prompted by a sense of duty, urged him to go, and he was at the house of Mrs. Conrad in a very few minutes after her arrival. He stood on no ceremony, but went up hastily to Deborah's chamber. As he entered, Mrs. Conrad, who was stooping over the bed on which she had laid her precious burden, turned on him an anxious, frightened look.

"O doctor!" she cried out, with a sharp pain in her voice, "she's dead! she's dead! They've killed my poor lamb!"

Drawing her gently aside, the doctor bent over the insensible girl. Her face was white and still.

The dark fringe of lashes rested upon her cheeks as evenly as if sleep had shut them down; and her lips, which were closed softly together, wore a peaceful expression. There was a clearly perceptible change in the aspect of her still countenance, which the doctor did not fail to note. Even while he still leaned over her, uncertain as to what it were best to do, he saw an eyelid quiver. He bent lower, holding his breath. Soon there came a little spasm in the throat, so slight as scarcely to make itself visible, followed by a motion of the lips; and then Deborah opened her

eyes. She seemed like one awaking from a gentle sleep.

By quick, warning signs, the doctor was able to hold Mrs. Conrad back from too wild an expression of her joy, which was only of brief duration, for ere Deborah had seemed to realize her situation, she was taken with a fit of coughing which lasted for a considerable time. At its close, as Mrs. Conrad, who had raised her up and was supporting her, wiped the frothy mucus from her lips, she saw that it was streaked with blood!

(To be continued.)

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 8.

SOMETHING new; at least a lady who is good authority vouches for it. She says when color in a fabric has been destroyed by acid, ammonia will neutralize the same, after which an application of chloroform will, in almost all cases, restore the original color. The application of ammonia is common, while that of chloroform is but little known. Chloroform will also remove paint from a garment when benzine fails.

To preserve rhubarb: pare half a dozen oranges, remove the seeds and white rind and slice the pulp into a stew-pan with the peel cut fine. Add a quart of rhubarb and one and a half pounds of sugar, cook the whole down the same as for preserves.

One of the prettiest piano-covers we ever saw was made by the little lady who owned the piano. It was simply a large piece of wide, heavy black cloth, embroidered with braid—some pretty design in green and crimson. The woollen embroidery braid looked quite as well as silk; it cost but six cents per piece, while the silk was twenty-five cents.

Let the intended design be transferred to tissue paper, then baste the edges of the paper on the cloth, sew on the crimson braid with fine silk of the same color, then tear off the paper and sew the green braid on close to the crimson.

This cover was prettier than the gay red and black ones we buy, and the cost was not half so much. The cloth was heavy, and coarse, and cheap, and answered the purpose better than a light, thin one would have done.

While I sat admiring Nellie's handiwork, her mother came into the parlor with a smile on her face, saying: "There, Miss Potts, it is half past eleven, and our washing is out on the line. I felt so worthless this morning that I did not see how I could wash to-day, but after I had the first boiler full on to boil, I felt like a new woman. My blood was in full circulation, my cold feet had become warm, the perspiration stood on my forehead, and I felt as though this was a good world

to live in. Very often I can hardly drag one foot after the other, and my head aches, and my back, and my feet are cold, and I feel really gloomy and selfish; but if I exercise freely, and get my machinery into good working order, and my sluggish blood started a-going, I am a new woman. I think housework in all its varied details, if cheerfully met, is the healthiest employment in the world for a woman," said my neighbor, as she rolled down her sleeves, took her seat at the piano and played the Star Spangled Banner. Before she finished it, her husband came to the house and, hearing the music, stepped to the door to listen. She heard his familiar step, and, with a laugh, she nodded to Nellie, who understood it, and immediately rose and went out and set the table for dinner.

Nellie's mother is a systematic woman in her household. She has set days in which to do all her work. Monday is washing day; Tuesday, baking; Wednesday, ironing; Thursday, see that everything is mended and in proper condition to put on; Friday, general baking day; and Saturday, general cleaning up.

Each stipulated day's work is done by two o'clock, except some of the days will have extra work, or something may transpire that was not allotted on.

My neighbor never goes about—if she is in a hurry—with her hair hanging down her back or hanging loosely caught up by a lonely hair-pin, or her dress unfastened, or slit, or soiled by spit milk or grease spots.

The first thing in the morning she dresses well, puts up her hair neatly and makes her toilet in such a way that she is not ashamed to see any one. She wears long, wide aprons made of domestic gingham, to save her dress. She is ingenious and economical, and it was at her suggestion that Nellie made a piano-cover, instead of buying one. I learn a great many things from her; I will think what they are and tell you when I come back from dinner. I hear Lily mashing the potatoes in the pantry, and I hear Ida running the sewing-machine in the sitting-room, and I hear the hens cackling in the wood-shed and in the chicken-house, and presently I will hear father's step on the porch, and his gray hair will be flattered by the summer breeze, bareheaded, because he will be

carrying eggs in his hat. I hear, too, the light step of the parson tripping down-stairs in answer to the dinner-bell at his boarding-house in the village. All these pleasant sounds come to me while I sit and write and try to guide my thoughts in the channel I have pointed out to them. It is no easy task for a working woman to write while cares, even though they be not heavy nor cumbersome, lie upon her heart, while thoughts of dear ones, who, mayhap, need her, are tugging at her heart-strings and making her sad despite of her best efforts to be brave and cheerful. Dinner's ready.

Nellie's mother and I were talking the other day about city people and people of leisure visiting their friends in the country during harvest and in the hot weather. Now women, good, kind women, farmers' wives, will not tell their city friends to stay away until a more convenient season if they say they will visit them in July or August, that they love the dear, delightful, beautiful country in those hot months, but oh, on! the bare thought of visitors at that season of the year is dreadful! That is the time in which the busiest and the heaviest farmwork comes on, when the poor men are too tired to be agreeable, and the women even worse off. Nellie's mother told me that during the very warmest weather last summer, when she wore slippers and loose wrappers, and rose before daylight, so as to do all the work she could while the weather was cool, just at this time six of her city friends, with three colicky babies, and an old, whimmy, gouty father-in-law came, unannounced, to spend a week with their dear friend. They said they could not wait any longer to see her blessed face. The old whimmy told her there was no place like the country—one was so free out there from the restraints of fashionable society, and all the while he gave gentle hints about spring chickens, and dewy butter, and delicious cream and ruby berries.

What that woman endured in those five days, perhaps many other women know from experience. It was during harvest-time, when hands were scarce, and wheat overripe, and every moment of time was precious to the overburdened farmer. The visitors did not go to bed until long after the usual hour for retiring, and then they rose one at a time during the forenoon. The babies were cross, and the hostess had to get up and look for cordial, or furnish warm water, or carry a rocking-chair from one room to another, and once in the night she had to rouse a hired man and send him to the doctor's for an emetic. Her help was inefficient, and ill-natured, and so slow that the poor woman had everything to look after herself. Sometimes, when she was cooking a meal, one of the women would be putting about the cook-stove heating water, and washing baby clothes, and splashing about in her way. At the table the children cried for gravy when no gravy was made, threw down their spoons in anger, kicked like unbroken mules, and yelled with shrieks that were piercing and provoking. The gentle mothers mixed up messes of cream and sugar, and added berries and preserves, only to have the compound kicked in their faces or over-

turned in their laps by their "tootsey-pootsey darlins."

My poor friend told me that when night came, and all the chores were done, she was so tired that more than once she fell asleep in her chair as she sat playing the attentive listener to the enthusiastic ladies who were discoursing most eloquently of real laces, and "sweet silks," and "flounced to the waist," and bridal veils, and the floral decorations of marriage ceremonies that they had witnessness.

She said she never said "thank God" any more fervently in her life than she did when she saw the sweet-faced city ladies, old whimmy and the colicky babies, with baskets, and satchels, and poodles, all stowed into the big spring wagon, and on their way to the depot. She said she kissed them with a cordial good-will.

Nearly all country people—good liver—have what they call "cherry cousins" and "peach cousins," people who visit them in the seasons of these fruits—people who feel very friendly and lovable only once or twice a year. This is not so bad, however, if the fruit is abundant, for what woman is not glad to share with another less favored than herself—to make happy a sister woman with tastes like her own? I never saw one yet who turned her back upon one of these dear relatives, or had the least desire in her heart to repudiate a peach cousin or a cherry cousin.

I did some things last summer during the very warm weather that I never thought of doing before, though I have no doubt but other women have thought of it and done it. To younger housekeepers this may be a valuable suggestion.

Really, I could not stand it to cook three meals a day when the weather was so excessively warm, so I rose about four o'clock in the morning and cooked the three meals, and had them all off my hands by nine o'clock. I made a pot of good coffee and another of tea, and put them in the cellar; boiled a choice bit of sugar-cured ham to slice for dinner, fried potatoes just as good as I knew how with cream and butter, made sour milk cheese, pies, pudding, tarts, jolly roll, stewed berries and fruit, and boiled a lot of fresh eggs, and put all these things on the cool floor of the cellar. There was variety enough, that dinner and tea should not be a bit alike.

Then we took out all the windows, turned the slats of the blinds to let in the cool air, opened all our outer doors, sprinkled the porches with cold water occasionally, washed ourselves and dressed in cool, light clothing, and really we found those hot days, when the heat twinkled and the burning dust piled up mercilessly, to be brimful of summer-time enjoyment. We felt doubly compensated for the trebled duties of the early morning.

If the mother and the father of a family have been accustomed all their lives to their hot tea or coffee at dinner or supper, they will find that the same properties and the stimulating effects are in those beverages if taken cold. They are both better, however, if the cream be dispensed with; they will not taste then so much like cold tea and cold coffee.

About two hours before dinner I put the tureen of cold fried potatoes out on the sunniest end of the porch, and covered it with a tin pan. They were about as warm as they would have been, under more favorable circumstances, at the second table.

Dish-water, did you say, tidy housewife? Oh, I thought of that, and I let the god of day heat it for me; he did it just as well as the fire would. I put cold water in the dish-pan, and stood it on a hot stone out in the sunshine, and it was almost as warm as I could bear my hands in. Nice arrangement, wasn't it?

Sometimes we have lemonade instead of tea; but if one is accustomed to the cup of tea, lemonade is a poor substitute indeed. Better have one good cup of cold tea without cream, and well sweetened. This is advisable if you are going on a journey and cannot get hot tea at your usual meal-time.

If we women manage a little, we can make positive enjoyment and real good come out of burdens—troubles that otherwise would be found wearisome and oppressive. It think it is so good when, with comfortable surroundings merely, we plan, and contrive, and create, and make untoward circumstances work together for good to us and ours.

One day one of our student boarders, while studying out in the woods, found a fresh lot of fine mushrooms, which he brought to the house, saying: "Now when you cook these, Miss Potts, invite me to sit near the kitchen stove, won't you?"

I promised him that I would, and the next meal I cooked I nodded to Charlie to take a seat near the stove. He sharpened his pencil, and wrote down how I cooked, so he could tell his mother when he went home.

I cut off every decayed particle, and the end down next to the ground, and washed them two or three times in plenty of water. Then I sliced and scalped them in boiling water in which was a liberal pinch of salt, then let them drain in a cullender. I had some melted butter in the hot spider, waiting, and I fried them until they were brown. They were then poured out into a tureen in which was a slice of soft buttered toast. Half a teacupful of cream was put into the spider immediately after the mushrooms were taken out, and, when warm, it was poured over them. Pepper to suit the taste. The salty water in which they are scalded and the salt in the butter is enough without adding any more. This is the way I cook mushrooms, and they are very good.

Be very careful in gathering these edibles that you do not mistake them for the poisonous toadstools. Any observing child, however, will know the difference.

Nothing makes a little boy feel better than to have his mother or sister cook the mushrooms he found out in the woods, "all himself." How the little man will eat, and how his eyes will dilate, and his voice pitch higher. He feels as if he were helping to provide for the family and taking a part of the burden off his father. Indeed, I think,

sometimes, boys of larger growth, even of men's stature, experience somewhat of this delectable feeling.

I always think Bub's mouth, and eyes, and ears stick out unusually, when we are partaking of a wild duck that he shot away off in the creek bottom, or about some quiet pond shut in by the dense wildwood; or when we are tasting of soup made from the fresh-water clams he brought home from the creek himself.

So, mothers, remember this, and make your little men happy. If they come, tired and red-faced, with a few berries in the bottom of the little straw hat, make much of the sacrifice your child made. The berries will "go round," perhaps, if you put plenty of cream and sugar with them, or they will make half a dozen tarts mixed with something else; see to it that the kind little act receives attention and a word of commendation. It costs so little to make a child glad and happy, and will encourage a spirit of unselfishness.

I often laugh over a funny incident that occurred when I was a little girl. I cannot remember very much about our mother, only I know she tried to make her children unselfish. She taught us to share everything with each other, to divide, if it were only a morsel, and to protect, and save, and spare each other. One time, when my brother Rube was about five years old, he was whining around in a lonely, dissatisfied way, tired of his playthings and everything about him. Suddenly our mother brightened up and said: "Don't Boobie want to go a-fishing?"

Yes, Boobie wanted to go fishing. She took one of the rods out of the swifts that stood near the loom, tied a string to it, bent a pin, and soon had the child equipped. She told him to go the brook, that deep, quiet place under the plum-tree and, maybe, he could catch a fish. The child was in raptures; he ran off, bareheaded, his little white feet twinkling in the green grass. We thought no more of him, glad that he had something to do.

In less than half an hour he returned, out of breath, red-faced, his white hair clinging to his moist forehead, with a little fish about three inches long wriggling and squirming on the bent pin.

"O mamma! 'nuf for all of us! 'nuf for all of us!" he panted. "Cook 'im! cook 'im! cook all of 'im, mamma! don't cut 'im, mamma!"

"You can cook him yourself, Boobie," said she, anxious to keep him amused and busy, and not wishing to be disturbed herself. "Put the fish in the hot ashes like you roast potatoes; you know how to cook fish, every little man can do that," said she, encouragingly.

Afterwhile he took the fish out of the ashes and his jubilant voice rang all through the house: "Come! come now, dinner's yeddy! dinner's yeddy! come!"

The child was delighted and felt that he was a very important personage in the household. How pleasantly this contrasted with the spirit manifested by another little boy of my acquaintance. He used to gather eggs for me, and make himself so useful that I took quite a liking to the little fellow. He lived in the village, and often, when he took the cows to pasture, he would call in;

generally he came in at the back door, passed on through the house and went out at the front door. He did this on the same plan of people taking "a short cut" by going "'cross lots."

One warm morning he called in, and I said: "We are good friends, and just because of that I'm going to give you the neatest sugar melon you ever tasted. I saved it purposely for you. Now you carry it home, and call your little brothers and sisters around and divide it, and see what a good time you'll have all sitting together out on the grass eating of this cool, sweet melon."

He looked at me sharply; he didn't thank me; sometimes little boys are excited or busy with their own thoughts, and forget such nice little civilities. He eyed me very keenly, and then he looked at the melon as though measuring its dimensions and estimating its bulk, and all the probabilities connected with a melon and its ultimate disposal.

I left him, and went off to wait on the men who were eating their breakfast. When I went back to the kitchen he stood there where I had left him, looking as perplexed as before.

"Don't you want the melon?" said I, with surprise.

"Oh, yes!" said he. "But, Miss Potts, if you'll give me a knife to cut it, I guess I'll go out on the porch and eat it myself. You see it wouldn't pay to carry it home, for there are five of us, and it wouldn't be more than a mere taste for each of us, and if I eat it all myself why it'll make a good fill. I know by the looks of it that it is a proper good one, and I long to be at it."

I was almost dumb with astonishment. I had never seen, or heard, or imagined of such unparalleled selfishness and meanness. I gave him a knife, and pointed out to the grassplat, and without saying a word left him alone in his glory.

It should be a matter of serious import with mothers, endeavoring to bring up their children in a way that they will be unselfish, and noble, and generous, liberal-minded, frank, candid and disposed to hate everything low, and mean, and deceptive. People whose minds are narrowed down by any of these faults are not capable of real enjoyment. They never know what a good world this is—what good people live in it; they see not one-half of the beauty that lies around them, spread out bountifully and beautifully, and just as much their own as though they held the titles and the deeds duly signed.

I wish I could remember a little off-hand talk on benevolence that Brother Eddy, of Wauseon, made at our last Association. He said the cause of so many men and women being bigots, and so niggardly and stingy, was traceable back to their early teachings; that the father and mother were at fault; that they had not early impressed upon the minds of their children the duty of giving. We know cases ourselves in which men will give a quarter, and feel that they gave it because their hearts were big and full of generous impulses, while another will give five dollars and will be sad and ashamed because he had not double that amount to give. He will feel sorry that his dona-

tion was so meagre, and would go such a little ways in the work of doing good.

This is very sad to think about—that to-day lives, and moves, and acts, the mercenary spirit of the teachings of the mother, who may have been in her grave a half century. What a monument she built up for herself in the lessons she taught her little ones! It will live on and on in the generations to come, long after the marble monument that marks her last resting-place and tells of her virtues has crumbled back to dust. Alas, that such imperishable monuments do exist!

One day father carried round the subscription-paper for our pastor's salary, and while he was eating his supper in the evening I slipped it out of his pocket and looked at it. The wealthiest man had signed only ten dollars.

I said: "Father, that's a shame! I'm afraid we will not raise the required sum at that rate."

"Early teachings—early teachings!" said he. "That is some of old Granny Horner's work. Jackson thought he really ought not to give so much as that; he said his health was so poor that it's not at all likely he'd live the year out, and that there was no need of his giving anything. He said in that case five dollars was enough to throw away, and he was sulky because I insisted on ten."

Father laughed at what I said, but nobody else heard what it was.

PAPER-HANGING.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

DEELY engaged during the past month in the mysteries and miseries of housecleaning and house-renovating, an idea came to me. It came in this wise: I had three rooms to paper; and partly through motives of economy, and partly through sheer love of the occupation, I papered them myself, only calling in a paper-hanger at the last (or rather calling him in at the first, though he did not make his appearance until the last) to paper the ceilings. I had made my papering a real pastime, and had done up my rooms in all the intricacies of panel-work, bordering, mitring, etc., which a rather prolific ingenuity could devise.

When the paper-hanger came, he examined my rooms in astonishment, saying he had expected to find the botch-work most women make in such matters; but in many things I had done as well as he himself could have done, and, in all, better than many practiced hands.

And yet it was one of the most pleasing occupations I ever followed. To be sure, I was tired at night; but then I have been more tired many a time over ordinary housekeeping occupations.

My paper-hanger added that all I wanted to fit me for the business was to put on pantaloons and learn to chew tobacco. I rather thought I should need the pantaloons, or some device of clothing which would prove as convenient; for I found my long skirts not only exceedingly in the way, but sometimes actually dangerous when I was mounted to the top of a rickety step-ladder; but

as for the tobacco-chewing, I had my doubts, and finally asked him if whistling would not do as well. He thought it would. So I am learning to whistle with all diligence, to be prepared for the time when all other means of a living fail me; for I would be the last one in the world to let so slight an obstacle as that stand in the way of making an independent living.

So this is my idea: seriously, why is not paper-hanging an appropriate occupation for women? And yet I never heard of a woman paper-hanger, except those amateurs who do their own houses, and usually make a "botch" of them. It is, I admit, somewhat fatiguing; but not half so much as so washing and ironing. Paper-hanging is something more than an occupation; it is a fine art. Not one man in ten who engages in it understands its capabilities. I would really like to see women take it up and beat them, and I think they might do it if they tried. They naturally have a better knowledge of colors, and know, too, what looks best and most cheerful in a house.

Trust me ever leaving the selection of colors to men! I had an evidence of either their want of taste, or their want of conscience, while I was in a paper store, making a purchase. A German from the rural districts came in and wanted to buy some paper. So the clerk unrolled a piece for his inspection. It was really a very pretty paper—a light pearl ground with small medallions in which scarlet was the predominating color.

"Does that suit you?" asked the clerk.

"Yaw," said the Dutchman.

"How much do you want?" was the next interrogatory.

"I doesn't know."

"Think ten rolls will do?"

"Yaw."

"Now you want some border, don't you?"

"Yaw."

So the clerk picks up the topmost piece in his sample drawer—a crimson border—and shows to his customer.

"Will that suit you?"

"Yaw."

So the scarlet-figured paper was matched with a crimson border, and the two were destined to spend the remainder of their existence in juxtaposition, each striving to kill the other! And so complete was the total depravity of that clerk, that I have no doubt he slept just as sweetly that night as though he had passed an entirely blameless day.

To be a successful paper-hanger, one should have a perfect knowledge of colors and their effects; and with that knowledge, wall-decoration may be carried away up until it reaches the altitude of high art. Besides the required knowledge of colors, to attain to this perfection in the business, it is necessary that there should be something more than a smattering of architecture. In fine, the architect and the paper-hanger should go hand in hand, and to produce the most perfect results, each should consult with the other.

Of course it is not to be expected that the ordinary housekeeper will learn paper-hanging as a business; still, if she attempt it at all, she should

have sufficient knowledge of it to be enabled to do it well; else her labor will produce dissatisfaction, and conduce to the discomfort of the inmates of that home which she wishes to beautify. It is not even necessary that every woman should know about the mechanical process of papering her rooms. It is often more desirable, for more reasons than one, that this should be entrusted to a professional. But every woman who has a house over which she presides, should make it her business to be sufficiently acquainted with the aesthetical requirements of the art, to be enabled, first, to make satisfactory selections of paper for her different rooms, and secondly, to superintend the work of the paper-hanger, and see that it is done properly.

There is scarcely anything in all the range of domestic duties that seems easier than the selection of paper for any given room; and yet there is nothing really more trying to the taste and the judgment. Persons with the best eye for color invariably have to learn experience at the cost of a few mistakes. Then need we wonder that we see so many dingy rooms, so much inharmony, and so much general unsatisfactoriness in this respect in the homes of the people?

Very few people, to begin with, know what they really want. And even after having settled that point, it is no easy matter to recognize it when it is seen in the store-rooms. A paper in the roll is an entirely different affair from a paper upon the walls of a room. The most delicate tints, apparently, darken frightfully after having been manipulated by the paper-hanger. The most attractive pattern with only a modest dash of color, looks gaudy upon the walls. Then how is one to know "what is what?" There are one or two simple rules which will prove a great aid in the selection of paper, though they will not insure the buyer against mistakes. One of these is that a paper apparently much lighter than is desirable should be selected; since if just the apparent tint is chosen, the buyer will be astonished to find how dark her rooms have become when they are papered. Another is, to avoid almost altogether the purchase of paper in which there is any decided color. There are some exceptions to this rule; but in the main it is best to depend upon pearl and cream tints. This must especially be remembered, if the walls are to be further decorated by pictures. In this case, the paper must be regarded as simply a background for the pictures; and the more conspicuous the figure, or decided the tint, to the less advantage will the pictures be seen.

A woman always wants the paper on her kitchen walls of a tint that shall not "show dirt." And so, to attain this end, she generally selects some dark color, or perhaps an oak pattern. The dark color is inexcusable on any ground whatever. It destroys all cheerfulness in the room; and if there is any place which should look cheerful it is the kitchen, else the busy housekeeper will too often find her spirits harmonizing with the prevailing gloom. If the kitchen is a light room—having plenty of windows—and its mistress is not afraid of plenty of sunlight, the oak paper will do. But

it should never be employed where the light is scanty; since it will not only impart a gloom to the apartment, but it is a color peculiarly trying to the eyes in a half light. The very best thing a woman can do for her kitchen, is to paper it with the lightest, cheerfulest, prettiest paper she can find, and then give it two coats of size made of thin white glue, and over that again apply one or two coats of Demar varnish. This will give the paper a delightful gloss, and whenever it becomes soiled it can be wiped clean, with little trouble, with a damp cloth. Paper thus prepared will last for years, looking just as beautiful and clean as when it was first put on, and will amply pay for the extra trouble and expense. A paper to be thus sized and varnished should have no color more decided than neutral tints, since any real color will rub off in putting on the size.

A pretty way to paper a kitchen is to paper with imitation wood paper for about three feet from the floor, either in panels or upright strips of alternate colors about four inches wide. Above this use some light hall-paper, of a marbled pattern if you like. I prefer this hall-paper, since it has a side border which can be used in panels, and bordering for the top. Having papered your wall in panels, take some pretty engravings or chromos and paste in the centre of each panel. Then size and varnish over these at the same time that the paper is done. And there are your walls ornamented permanently, without the expense of framing pictures, or the trouble of taking them down and rehanging at every house-cleaning period.

It is impracticable to lay down general rules which shall apply to all houses in the matter of papering, since that style which would be appropriate for the cottage would not do at all for the more pretentious residence. A sitting-room should always have a light paper with a quiet pattern; and if this is also sized and varnished, the paper will not have to be renewed so often, and can always be kept clean. I have already given my idea of an appropriate finish for the walls of parlors and halls. Those who can afford it will fresco, of course; but a plain tinted paper, put on in panels, with pillars or moulding between, can be made to look quite as well at much less expense. Crimson always forms a beautiful background for pictures; but it is so dark that unless there are really a number of pictures to fill up the walls, and thus completely furnish them, it is preferable to have something less decided in tone. The various shades of pearl and gray, inclining to purple, green or blue, are any of them to be recommended. These perfectly plain papers are so easily soiled, and show so plainly the least stain upon them, that it seems to me the sizing and varnishing to which I have referred are indispensable for them.

A paper with a pattern in which a little decided color is introduced is allowable in a chamber, especially if the hangings present the same color and the same style of pattern. Still it is very necessary that the paper of a bed-room should be simple in the extreme, since there is nothing so trying to the nerves of an invalid, who may be

confined in the room, as an intricate pattern upon the wall, the figures of which are studied out over and over again, until the brain is completely wearied.

There is one use to which wall-paper can be put, which may be new to many of the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE. Have any of you a spare bed-chamber, seldom used, which you would like to carpet at little expense? If so, go to the paper-hanger's store and select a paper looking as much like carpet or oil-cloth as you can find. Having taken it home, first paper the floor of your bed-room with brown paper or newspapers. Then over this or these put down your wall-paper. A good way to do this will be to put a coat of paste upon the floor the width of the roll of paper, and the length of the room, and then lay down the paper, unrolling and smoothing at the same time. When the floor is all covered, then size and varnish as I have already described, only dark glue and common furniture-varnish may be used, and the floor will look all the better for the darkening these will give it. When it is dry, put down a few rugs by the bedside and before the toilette-table, and you have as pretty a carpet as you could wish. A carpet, too, that will last for years—if not subject to too constant wear—and at a trifling expense. I myself used a room one entire summer prepared in this way—used it constantly; and when the house was sold in the fall, the purchaser asked me to take up my oil-cloth, as he wished to make some alterations which would be sure to injure it. In fact, it looked precisely like an oil-cloth, and bore no more marks of use than an oil-cloth would which had done service for the same length of time.

This matter of the adornment of our houses is of far more importance than seems at first sight. The rooms where we must spend the greater portion of our time will impart to us something of their own characteristics. We become unconsciously imbued with their cheerfulness or their gloom. So as we would make our children happy and contented, and as we would be happy and contented ourselves, let us give to this apparently insignificant matter of the papering of our walls more of our thoughts; nor consider it beneath us, and a waste of time, to make it a subject of earnest study and the closest observation.

STUDY is labor in a gold mine, where toil extracts the rich metal, but sense and judgment alone enable us to enrich ourselves therefrom. For many who seek for gold find it, but few husband it with care; and many acquire knowledge by study, but few use that knowledge with discretion enough to ensure respect on earth and everlasting happiness.

CHARLES DICKENS said that "the first external revelation of the dry rot in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after."

Religious Reading.

A PICTURE.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

IN Rome is a large and beautiful painting, by a modern artist, representing the scene of Christ's walking on the sea. The sublimity of the picture is beyond description; and it was, in a large sense, the artist's life-work. For many years, while engaged on other pictures, toiling patiently day after day, and carrying these, one after another to completion, his thoughts were intent on this great theme, and the beautiful ideal was shaping itself slowly, more and more, in his mind. This one picture has taken precedence of all his other work.

In the background all is dark. You see the wild, foam-crested billows rolling, wall upon wall, right on toward the tossing bark. The faces of the disciples are blanched with terror, as, "toiling in rowing," they strive manfully to bring her to land. But it seems a vain effort. The stalwart arms are failing, though the oars are still grasped in a desperate struggle. White, despairing faces look out across the waves with longing eyes, full of regret at thought of the absent Friend—the One who could help and save them. "Would He were with us." But "Jesus had not come to them."

Again, and for a farewell, they turn their sorrowful eyes toward the shore of Galilee—the shore where they had passed those three happy days with Him, listening to His words of love, and witnessing His deeds of mercy—the healing of His hand, the wonderful supply to the famishing multitude. Yes, where they had themselves shared the simple meal with Him, little thinking it would be the last.

Only thought and memory picture that shore—the thick darkness yields not a glimpse. But, lo, in the distance a light—a shadowy form! Around those white feet the waves are still. Slowly that form moves, and right onward toward them, making "a path through the mighty waters."

Blank terror stamps almost every face. In that olden time of ignorance and superstition, there was but one thought present to their minds. It was the approach of a spirit, and the ship was lost. But a voice comes over the waves—through night and storm—a voice they know and love. How welcome—more than welcome!

The painter has chosen the moment when the Master speaks. Peter and John, first to recognize the voice, the Friend, the Saviour they love, are at the vessel's side. Peter, as ever, eager, impetuous, is just about to spring over and tread the billowy path to meet his Lord; while John, with love-lighted eyes, and face radiant with joy, waits in calm assurance the coming of Jesus. To him the storm is over, the vessel safe, the shore gained; for his faith and hope, inspired by deepest love, are already one with sight.

A very remarkable feature of this painting is the light around the face and form of the Lord

Jesus—so soft and tender, yet so strong, that it not only glorifies the picture, but when the window-shutters are all closed it lights the room. It is one of the strangest and rarest triumphs of art.

And the peculiar impression the scene conveys is that the presence of Jesus, rather than His verbal command, brings peace. We are not told in the Bible account that, in this instance, He bade the sea be still in words; and by far the more probable view is that the painting suggests—the rest and calm the very outbirth of His presence.

Thus it is, amid life's trials and temptations, amid its stormiest sea and darkest night. Not the word of Jesus alone, but the word *abiding* in us—the spirit and life of Christ brings peace. The soul that feels Him near, and welcomes that presence, guarding its every-day life from sin's soiling—from aught that shuns His eye—enters, even here, into His peace.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY MARY CABELL.

OUR Lord tells Peter: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldest, but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands and another shall gird thee and carry thee where thou wouldest not." John xxi.: 18.

It seems to us that, in a certain sense at least, this is true of every one. In the early youth, the mind, at least, goes where it will, roving through elysian fields of hope and imagination, building exquisite air-palaces, and revelling in dreams and fancies of Paradisal sweetness. It sees every object in

"The light that never was, by land nor sea."

Untrammeled by care and responsibility, untried by temptation, disappointment and bereavement, the light heart roves where it will, feeling so strong, so full of life and hope, that "it believes, like Ajax, that it shall escape every storm, in spite of the gods."

But after awhile the ideal and the actual come in collision, and the ideal which gave its freedom and sweetness to our early youth shrinks back before the actual, which, with iron rule, "girds us and carries us where we would not."

And yet, as Peter's being girded and carried where he would not prefaced his crucifixion, so may the rigorous treatment which the actual inflicts on us, in our riper years, lead to the crucifixion of our lower nature, to the putting away of that life which we must lose if we would save our higher life. And when we look beneath the surface of things, we shall find that the girding us and carrying us where we would not are as much a decree of the Divine Love and Wisdom as the light-hearted freedom, the sweet joyousness of our early youth. The sunshine and flowers of

May are no more essential to the rounding and completing of the year, than the scorching heat and chill blasts of later seasons.

We are too much in the habit of "going through life with our eyes fixed on some far-off polar star, whilst we tread with indifference over a rich harvest of reality." The most frequent stimulus, for instance, that is held up to incite us to lead a Christian life, is the idea of the peace and joy it will lay up for us in the great Hereafter. We are much more apt to think of religion as providing nectar and ambrosia for the soul in Paradise, than as presenting daily food and drink for our present spiritual needs.

We do not sufficiently dwell on the thought that religion offers present food, clothing and shelter to the soul, "angels' food," beautiful garments and safe shelter, near at hand, amid the waves of this troublous life, not on a far-off shore.

The clause, "give us this day our daily bread," teaches us the importance of living in the present. "Our daily bread," in the interior meaning of the phrase refers to the pure and good affections that sustain our higher life, as bread does our lower, for man is not all flesh and blood, nor chiefly flesh and blood, hence he "does not live by bread alone." His soul needs the daily manna of goodness and

truth, and day by day, our Lord supplies what man needs, even as He sent manna to the children of Israel, and no more surely does natural food become assimilated into the life blood of the body, than thought and affection into the texture of the character.

In several instances, our Lord teaches us, most impressively, the duty of living in the present, as, for instance, where He tells us "Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Let us nourish our inner life, day by day, striving to make it strong and vigorous, by daily appropriations of the bread of life, but let us dismiss from our minds all overweening thoughts of the morrow, even of the heavenly and eternal morrow, for it is true wisdom to give our best powers, thoughts and affections to the present.

Little children give us the best semblance of heavenly life, which we can find here below. And whence comes their delightful elasticity, their joyous light-heartedness. It results in a great measure from their living in the present, which they neither overcloud by care about the future, nor underrate by comparisons with an imaginary tomorrow, destined to be much brighter.—*New Jerusalem Messenger.*

The Home Circle.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 8.

TUESDAY.—Margie was cross this morning. The girls were at a concert last evening, came home late, and Margie ate a piece of pie and went directly to bed. That accounts for her ill mood. I tell the girls it is not Margie, the schoolmate, who is cross—she is just as good as ever she was—it is the fault of the pie. My father used to say of old Uncle Pomeroy, a neighbor of ours, in his ugly moods, it is not the man Pomeroy, nor the neighbor, nor friend, who is ugly, it is the villainous whisky.

We should remember this, and keep cool, and make due allowance for faults and short-comings.

I found this to be rather a hard matter, though, one day last week when I went over to Madge Carol's with an armful of half-worn summer dresses, basques, overskirts and polonaise. I wanted her advice as to how I could make them over economically into new suits.

There was a light lawn dress, made in the style of five years ago; a percale, with an ugly rent diagonally across the front breadth; a delicate nanook, with used-up sleeves and a waist too tight to be comfortable; a short pongee, made before gored skirts were known, the wrong side of it just as pretty as ever; and an old black silk dress that had done good and honorable service before I ever laid my eyes on George Nelson Brooks.

Then I carried down all the pieces and remnants

of the dresses, so that Madge could plan and contrive my new things for me.

I saw there was something wrong as soon as I entered the house. I heard a rustling of clothes and a patting of hurried feet when I rapped, and there was some delay before the door opened. Auntie Carol came to it; her face was red and startled. She had risen from the table. Plates were laid for two. She sat down and finished her late dinner. A cup of tea half gone stood beside the other plate. I knew by the appearance of things that Madge had hurried from the table, that it was her dress which had rustled and her feet that had pattered.

Pretty soon auntie rose and went into the bedroom, and I could hear her say: "Oh, do! You must do so whether you want to or not; she'll be apt to think hard of you."

Then I could distinctly hear the reply: "I don't care what she thinks! I wish she hadn't come! That's just the way—come when I don't want to see her ugly face!"

Then dear auntie cooed out: "You'll feel better to-morrow; try and be patient."

"Well, I won't go out if she stays all day—so there now!" and the snarl with which she said it was perfectly exasperating.

Oh, I could hardly stand it! I would have gone off home immediately, slipped off slyly, only for poor, good auntie.

She came back in a few minutes, and conversed pleasantly, but I could see that a shadow was over all.

Afterwhile she went again to the bed-room, and

again I heard her voice in entreaty, and very easily could I distinguish the hateful voice of Madge. I had just risen to go when Madge, my dear friend for more than fifteen years, came out. Her hair was disheveled, her clothes slovenly, her eyes red and swollen, and her features distorted, and seamed, and scarred with internal commotion. Her evil passions were all roused and raging. She essayed to smile, but it was a horrible caricature. If she had been "making up faces," as the little children call it, she would have appeared to a better advantage.

"Morning, Chatty," she clift off as she sat down.

"Are you not well?" I asked.

"No; everything goes wrong, too," she snarled.

Just then dear auntie poured out a cup of tea and handed it to her. Dear me! I thought of, "and Satan appeared in the midst," as she rose and strode off to the door like a well-shod Amazon, and dashed the tea out on the ground, right in the dear presence of that old mother, who had so tenderly cared for her when a puny babe, a cross child, and a whining, delicate, feeble girl—always needing the watchful care of a tender mother-nurse.

I rose and said: "I'll not trouble you to-day with any of my affairs, Madgie; I'll come again sometime, when you are well. I only wanted to ask your advice about making over some of my old dresses. I'm not handy enough to contrive ways and means like you can."

"Well, you came to a very poor place if you wanted to discuss clothes and finery, I can tell you that," was the reply. "I care the least about fine clothes of any person in this world;" and it seemed to me her steel-gray eyes fairly gleamed out threats of annihilation. "But sit down again, Charrity," she continued, in a hard voice, "and if my opinion's worth anything you're very welcome to it."

"Thank you, not to-day," I said; and then I talked to auntie awhile before I started home.

Oh, I sneaked off like a culprit! As soon as I reached the street the pent-up tears blinded me, and the sobs broke forth. I said in my sorrow: "I'll never go there any more—that was too bad! Madge Carol don't care for clothes, eh? Why she'd rather go without bread than without silk dresses. Didn't care for finery!" And then I thought of the stiff brocade; the gros-grain that trailed behind her on the pavement; the latest silk of the latest shade, trimmed with twelve yards of lace that cost two dollars and fifty cents a yard; of the lustrous alpacas; the soft, thick, beautiful merinos; the elegant morning-wrappers, and the mulls, and lawns, and light summer silks. Oh, if it hadn't been for the many fine dresses so elaborately trimmed, and for the hard days of toil that reached far past the hours of midnight, I thought, the snarl had not been in her voice, and the seams in her face, and the steely gleam in her eye, and the worry in her disposition, and the gnarls, and faults, and ugly crooks in her temper. Yes, there was a worm gnawing all the time.

But Madge was a marvel of a woman, and she was so kind and ready to help others. If a dress had a torn place, she knew how to arrange the

trimming to make it seem as though it was put on that way for very love of it, and because it was in good taste; if a dress fit ill, she could go over it with a pinch here and a pinch there, and the clipping scissors and her deft fingers would work wondrous changes; if a garment was faded by the sun, she could make it as bright as ever, and she could tell by a glance of the practiced eye just what colors would harmonize.

I sat in my room crying softly, when one of the girls came in. She was startled, and I had to tell her what was the matter.

"The hateful old thing!" said she. "I've a mind to get her picture out of your album and send it right home to her. You don't want it."

I cried on.

"And, auntie, you know the other day when I was raising money to buy a nice dress for our preacher's wife before she started on her visit to her mother's, the old sneak of a Madge Carol only gave a quarter, and all the rest of you women gave a dollar a-piece freely. Now you need not cheep against it, I mean to return the paltry quarter to her, and tell her we had enough without breaking on her bill. Oh, that will be splendid!" and the girl clapped her hands in great glee.

"Kathie," said I, "now keep cool, keep cool; nobody knows of this unfortunate occurrence but ourselves; and let us be little women, and keep the matter between us two. We must not think too hard of poor Madge; she used to be so good and kind—indeed, I never knew her to behave so before; and if we knew the truth, we might learn that she had reason for all this. Let us be forgiving."

"And not allow me to send the bill back to her?" said Kathie. "Why I could think of nothing better—no sweeter revenge than that would be."

So, under the sympathetic words of the dear girl, I soon forgot my sorrow, and the hurt was far from serious.

Yesterday Madge called to see me, and we visited together in my bed-room. And this was her story and her ample apology:

She had long been corresponding with a gentleman who had proposed marriage, and whom she had tenderly and lovingly rejected because she could not be separated from her widowed mother, and could not prevail on the mother to change her humble northern home for a princely one in a southern city. She loved him, and her love was returned, and she still hoped that sometime her mother would relent, and she could join her fortunes with this one who had been the playmate of her early girlhood.

But a scheming aunt of his had laid her plans, and he had walked into the silken snare, and married the girl who was the choice of the designing relative. A paper containing the marriage notice had reached her about two hours before I had called there with my armful of very material matter.

It was too bad! Oh, the notice was a glowing description of the wedding, of the beauty and worth of the bride, of the talent and intellectual ability of the groom, of the splendor of the cere-

mony, and of the prospective bridal tour to California, and to all its wonders and scenes of beauty, and grandeur, and magnificence. Poor Madge, it might all have been hers to enjoy! how her eyes would have feasted on the sublimity spread out so lavishly in that golden land.

She was feeling her very gloomiest and saddest just when I had called—she was full of mourning and half-regret, and remorse, mayhap. Poor Madge! dear Madge! good Madge! grand Madge! I thought as I felt of her hands and face, and patted her shoulders, and I let the tears come without even trying to hide them with my hand or lose them in my handkerchief. She was every inch a woman, else she had not sorrowed for the bird flown forever.

"It's best to take things coolly, isn't it, auntie?" said my girl Kathie. "I'm glad you kept me back."

WEAVING.

BY LICHEN.

WHAT are you doing, Mrs. Blake?"

"I am weaving a carpet," was the answer.

"But why do you stop and change your balls so often, putting only a few threads of a kind together, instead of weaving a whole one in at once, and thus getting along a great deal faster?"

"To make a better, prettier piece of work. A broad stripe of this dark, and then another all of light, would not look as well, and the carpet would not be as good. The light places would soon look shabby, and this gray all together, be monotonous, but by weaving a few threads of dark, then a few of light, mixing in a little gray occasionally, and putting the bright stripes at certain distances, I get all the colors worked in, the whole is prettier, and will look well to the last."

"Yes, I understand; the dark and light need alternating, to produce a good effect, and, of course, you cannot have enough of bright colors to mix all through, so 'tis best to put them at some distance apart, to set off the rest to advantage and to make them last to the end of the piece."

I went home with a new thought in my mind. We are all weaving fabrics of some kind, out of our lives—dark and light groundwork, with bright places here and there. There must of necessity be dark and light threads, for both are needed for the perfecting of character, and some lives have a great many dark ones, but we can take care, sometimes, to prevent too many of them coming together, and thus making our work more sombre than it need be. We can enliven even some of the darkest places with a thread or two of light, and avoid broad, gray stretches, with nothing to relieve their monotony. The colors, to be sure, are given us without our wills having much to do in the matter, yet, in the generality of cases, we can control, in a great measure, the weaving of our web of life. We see the truth of this constantly, in looking around us.

There is Mrs. L., who is a widow, and with very slender means. She lives in a small cottage, with her one child for a companion—a daughter only fifteen, and crippled for life—and a little orphan girl she has taken to bring up. The colors of her life are most of them grave, yet she arranges them so skilfully, doing a little good here, culling some pure pleasure there, weaving brightness into her helpless child's life whenever it is possible, and bearing her own trials with such sweet serenity, that her web is really attractive. Then there is Mrs. R. She has a husband, two sons and two daughters, to fill her life with color and variety. Her eldest daughter, just out as a young lady, is a handsome, intelligent girl, who might contribute a great deal to the happiness of her home, but she has been so much induced, that she has a particularly strong liking for having her own way, now, and causes her mother much trouble. During her last two years of school-life, she wanted to have young gentlemen's visits and attentions a great deal, and though her

mother fretted and remonstrated often, she had not the firmness and decision to refuse it positively, though she knew it was a hindrance to her child in her studies. Her sons have been sent out of the house so much "to get clear of their noise," and to have them out of the way, that now they will not stay in when they are wanted. The eldest one—a boy between fifteen and sixteen years of age—already wants to smoke segars, and spends many of his evenings hanging around the billiard-rooms, because no home pleasures have been provided for him. His mother seems unconscious of this. She has attended well to his material comforts, and does not realize that while she has her sewing, and the girls their music and needlework, he, not being a lover of reading, should have some entertainment to make his home evenings attractive. So she scolds occasionally about his going out so much, and laments to the rest of the family over the disposition and habits that are developing in him, oblivious to the fact that it is caused by her own remissness in one of her highest duties. Yet Mrs. R. is a very pleasant woman in society—refined, generous-hearted and hospitable.

I thought I should enjoy a visit at her home, where, from the style in which they lived, I supposed comfort reigned. Her husband is a genial man, her daughters lively and agreeable. She had often urged me to come, offering to send her carriage for me; so, one day, I went, and was surprised and pained to see the total lack of order, system or discipline maintained, and, therefore, the absence of all *real* comfort. True, we had a very pleasant morning, the girls, who are good musicians, contributing to my entertainment by singing and playing on a sweet-toned piano, and Mrs. R. doing all that hospitality could suggest for my comfort; though I could not help noticing that things about the room were in a good deal of disorder. But at the dinner-table, the youngest boy was so ill-behaved that he spoiled the enjoyment of the meal for me, and annoyed his mother greatly.

After dinner, Alice, the younger daughter, was going out, and when she went to put on her walking things, neither her gloves or neck-tie could be found, and a ten or fifteen minutes' search had to be gone through with for them—her mother helping. I was surprised at this, supposing she would have been taught to keep such things in their proper place, until a little later when Mrs. R. opened two of her own bureau drawers to hunt for something, and I saw the heterogeneous mass within.

A certain receipt, which her husband had given into her keeping, was wanted, and a grand search was made through drawers, wardrobe and trunk, before it could be found. This occupied nearly half an hour of time, kept her husband waiting, fretted him, of course, worried her and caused her to lose both patience and temper, as much as she would allow before a guest. Of course, every one was made uncomfortable, and, for awhile, I wished myself away.

And this, I judge, was a fair sample of a good many days in such a household. What kind of a looking fabric, think you, she is weaving, out of the abundance given her?

Miss J. is a single lady, neither young nor very old. She has a comfortable independence, and lives alone, with the exception of a servant, in a house of her own. She has two married sisters, and a single brother, who lives with one of them. Both sisters have pleasant homes, with children growing up around them, who are as good as ordinary children often are; and either would be glad to have her live with them. She has, besides, near relatives living in other places not very far away, but she prefers remaining by herself, and does not keep a spare bed-room, because she thinks some of them would want to come and stay with her too often. She will not let her sisters' children love her as they would like to do if she gave them encouragement. Too many cross looks, or sharp words meet them, if a careless foot brings a little mud in on her carpet, or a merry laugh rings out too loud. Yet she

is very particular about having them come to see her often, and feels slighted and indignant if they do not. She is no gloomy recluse; she visits a good deal, and has company to dinner and tea when it suits her mood; but her thought seems to be only for herself. She does not go among the sick or poor to render any help. With health, means and freedom to act, she walks along a narrow, selfish way, shedding little brightness upon the path of others, and gathering little real happiness for her own.

In the same neighborhood lives another old maid, the guardian angel of the home in which she dwells. Her father keeps the tenderest spot in his heart for her, and she never tires of administering to his comfort. Her brothers and younger sister look up to her with warm affection, depend on her for their daily wants, and come to her with their little trials and joys. Her invalid mother rests securely in the knowledge that household affairs will be well attended to, so long as her faithful daughter has them in hand.

"A tread-mill life," you may say, hers is, for there is a ceaseless round of plain, homely duties to attend to, she has not much time for visiting or recreation, and no doubt is often weary both in body and spirit. But an unseen aureole encircles her brow, perceived by the angels, though not by those who walk beside her here, for she does her appointed work with a Christian cheerfulness and willingness which beautifies and ennobles her life, and endears her to all around.

What different looking fabrics will these two women have to spread at the feet of the Great Master-workman for His inspection. Yes, we are all busy weavers, and often careless ones, too, throwing away many a bright thread which a little thought would have made us keep and weave in.

I have seen people turn away with an impatient "no," from a child who asked for a flower, though their bushes held enough and to spare. Or complain of bright, singing voices and happy laughter because they would rather be quiet, forgetful that the children have rights as well as themselves. Or I have seen them receive very ungraciously the visit of some humble neighbor, who had few pleasures at home, and who perhaps wanted some little instruction about making or fitting a garment, simply because it would for a little while take their attention from a book which they would rather be reading. And all seemingly unconscious that they were weaving dark threads into their web, when they might just as easily have put bright ones.

Then sometimes we are in too much haste to get along, or become too indifferent to what is passing around us, and forget to speak the encouraging word,

to express the sympathetic thought, or show the kindly interest which would help or gladden some other heart, and thus lose many a thread which would beautify our work.

Oh, be careful, all ye weavers, remembering that you are weaving for eternity!

OLD LETTERS.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

(See Engraving.)

THIE sun beats hotly down on hill and plain;
The roses droop their heads at his fierce gaze;
The cool shade of the grove I seek in vain;
There is no coolness in these summer days.

Not even my guitar can tempt my fingers,
Nor book can charm the heavy hours away,
The hand around the clock-face lingers—fingers—
How shall I spend the slowly passing day?

Come mother, we will sit us down and read
The cherished letters of the by-gone years;
This casket holds them; here they are indeed,
Once read in joy, or once baptized by tears.

This package is for you; its yellowed pages
Will take you backward to your girlhood's prime;
And while the package all your thoughts engages,
I turn to letters of a later time.

How pleasant 'tis, and yet how sad—how sad,
To read the letters of old friends once more—
Letters whose coming made our hearts so glad—
And then to think this friendship all is o'er!

A friendship pledged for life, yet sudden broken,
As snaps on my guitar a fragile string,
With too great strain upon it; and no token
But these few letters left; how vain a thing

Is friendship! How the world grows cold,
As one grows older! Drop them one by one
In the waste-basket, they no longer hold
Their early worth; their savor is all gone.

This other package, tied with ribbon white,
And a dead rose-bud crushed within its folds—
This is the record of a love as bright,
As warm, as true, as pure, as earth e'er holds!

A withered rose-bud, and a love now perished!
Perished with many a sigh and bitter ache
Of heart! Why are these letters longer cherished?
Burn, letters: silence, heart, you shall not break!

Housekeepers' Department.

HOW TO EAT ORANGES AND PINEAPPLES.

IN a communication to the Philadelphia *Press*, Mr. James W. Parkinson gives the following directions for eating oranges and pineapples:

"To eat an orange as it is done by the uninitiated is to sacrifice more than half of the gratification and the benefit of which it is capable. To partake of this fruit to the best advantage, and with the highest enjoyment, it should never be eaten when it is first taken in hand. Both a preliminary course of procedure and an intervening lapse of time is called for. An orange should be prepared the night previous, and eaten the following morning. It should be skinned, or rather partially skinned over night, and be exposed to out-of-door air and out-of-door dews until time for breakfast.

"I have said that the orange should be partially, and not entirely skinned. It should be stripped only of the corrugated outside rind, and not peeled of the soft, chanous-like covering within. This can only be done with a very sharp knife, and that by small, successive chippings.

"Having taken off the yellow overcoat of the orange and left on its white undercoat, the next step is to dexterously cut off its head; that is, you shave off a slice of the top of the fruit as large, say, as a quarter of a dollar, leaving the pulp or meat exposed to the size of, say, a shilling. Place the fruit on wooden platters where it will be exposed to the air and the dews all night. It will be found in the morning that the white rind has become tough and entirely juice-tight.

"At the breakfast-table grasp your orange with a napkin, exactly as you would a newly-boiled egg, and as you eat an egg through its broken shell, so press the juice of your orange through its cut rind. Squeeze every drop into the mouth. Serve another orange, and still another, in the same way. And so keep on squeezing and sucking, sucking and squeezing. The more orange juice you swallow, the better for the stomach, the blood, and the entire man. No one need be afraid to thus dispose of a dozen oranges before breakfast. That this is the best time to partake of oranges is admitted by all the most learned and experienced authorities who have ever written on the subject.

"This is the time (before breakfast) that the Cubans

eat their own favorite fruit, and the process of preparation practised by those islanders is that which is above described. Gathering their oranges ripe from the trees before night, they prepare and expose, as above, to "dew or sweeten" them, as they phrase it.

"The Pineapple."—The one great and all-prevailing mistake in eating a pineapple, is to cut the fruit with a knife, instead of tearing it to pieces. If you eat hot bread, what is the effect? You damage both its flavor and its healthfulness. So you should tear a pineapple instead of cutting it. What would you think of a man who should cut his grapes instead of crushing them? Equally unnatural is it to run a knife through pineapple. It should be torn into bulky pieces, instead of being cut or sawed into thin slices. How this is to be done I now proceed to describe.

"Chip off the rough outside coat. Be careful not to cut into the inner skin, only pare off what I will call the ridges of bark. Now, with the sharp small blade

of a knife scoop the "eyes" out. Rest the apple firmly on its base, seizing its top sprouts, or, say, its "scalp," with the left hand. Run in a fork, near the bottom of the fruit, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, until it reaches the core. Press the fork down so as to tear off a piece of the fruit of the size of a large mouthful. Again insert your fork and again press down, and tear off another large bite. So continue until you have sundered all the fruit from the core or stem.

"The labor of preparation is done, and now begins the process and pleasures of eating. What is the advantage gained by this tearing and sundering process over the ordinary course of cutting the same fruit into slips with the knife? Crush one of these large hunks between your teeth, and the result will answer your own question. A larger mouthful of more luscious and highly flavored pineapple juice will delight your palate and gurgle rejoicingly down your throat than you ever before imagined to be possible."

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

THAT travelling dresses should be severely plain in their style, no sensible woman will deny. Fashion favors this plainness the present season. These dresses are so arranged that there is little to crush or to catch dust. One or two Shirred or knife-plaited flounces are admitted on the skirt, and sometimes the same style of trimming is repeated on the overskirt and sleeves. But a plain cording of silk is in better taste, since it will show less the marks of travel.

Linen is less used this season than heretofore for travelling costumes. Camel's hair, mohair or serge, are the popular materials. Either of these combined with silk are very serviceable.

Dust color and nut brown are the favored combinations. A suit of dust-colored cloth and nut-brown silk is one of the prettiest that can be worn.

The basque or jacket to a travelling suit is usually short and round, tight fitting, or nearly so, and made without any trimming around its lower edge, unless it be simple flat trimming or cord, since plaiting destroys the smooth outline over the hips.

A linen duster is a necessary adjunct to a suit like

this, to protect it from dust and cinders. These dusters are made with a slightly fitting back, and a loose front that may be buttoned close to the throat, or rolled back to form lapels. There should be a folded hood, terminating in a tasseled point at the back, while an ordinary rolling collar confines it at the neck. Straps should be sewed in at the seams under the arms, and, crossing at the back, be fastened with a buckle. The sleeves should be large, with square, deep cuffs. These cuffs may overhang the outside seam, and be tucked under buttons and simulated buttonholes. The collar, cuffs, straps, pocket-lap, hood-lining and facing for the front, may be of plaided or checked Linen, if the wearer's taste so direct. The same wrap may be made of any material used for travelling-suits, though linen is lighter and cooler for summer use.

The gloves and hat of a travelling-costume should correspond with the darker color of the suit, and the stockings should be striped with the two shades. Brown straw is suitable for a travelling-hat, while fine Lisle thread or silk gloves are more appropriate than kid ones.

The travelling-dresses of children closely imitate, both in color and style, the dresses of their older companions. Chocolate is the predominant color.

New Publications.

A Double Story. By George MacDonald. New York: Dodd & Mead. This is one of Mr. MacDonald's most charming efforts. It is ostensibly a fairy story, and will please both young and old; but, like his other fairy stories, it has been written in order to convey a moral lesson. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Green Gate, A Romance. By Ernst Wichert. Translated from the German by Mrs. A. L. Wister, translator of "Only a Girl," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is an exception to most of the German novels which we have had the opportunity of examining. They, as a rule, were somewhat dull and heavy; while this is lively and entertaining, and will secure the reader's attention from the first, and retain it to the end. The story is, moreover, unobjectionable, and we can cheerfully recommend it to our readers.

Signa, A Story. By "Ouida," author of "Strathmore," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. We never have been an admirer of "Ouida's" novels. They are objectionable in the extreme, and for that reason we can recommend them to the perusal of neither young nor old. The author displays that char-

acteristic of a bad woman: an utter want of faith in her own sex. She seems to strive to represent women as utterly heartless and devoid of principle. Even when she seeks to draw an innocent character, her purity is simply the result of the want of opportunity; and she can conceive of no such thing as a steadfastness of principle which should keep a woman from evil in the midst of temptation. If this author had never published a book, the world would be a better world to-day; since it is impossible to estimate the evil influence which such books exert over the minds of the young.

The Abuse of Maternity. By Elizabeth Edson Evans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. We wish our recommendation might secure for this book a wide reading, since the subject which it discusses is one calling for the earnest attention of all, both men and women.

Breakfast, Luncheon and Tea. By Marion Harland, author of "Common Sense in the Household." New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Was there ever before published so practical and so useful a book as this? We think not. It is just what every woman

needs, and what will help her through many a strait in housekeeping, at the same time that it makes that housekeeping seem more honorable and endurable in her eyes. We need common sense in the household, and though that is the title of a previous work, the present volume may be considered as a further instalment of the same common sense. It is a cook-book, and a series of essays on the practical and moral phases of housekeeping, at the same time.

A Norseman's Pilgrimage. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, author of "Gunnar." New York: Sheldon & Co. This is a quiet, pleasantly told love story, of which Norwegian youth and an American girl are the hero and heroine. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Socialistic, Communistic, Mutualistic and Financial Fragments. By William B. Greene, Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is a collection of essays on various disconnected subjects, all of them of more or less interest to the public. They are written in a lively and, sometimes, saucy vein, but are neither very impressive nor valuable in subject-matter. They are, therefore, likely to prove more amusing than profitable. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Christian Missions. By Rev. Julius H. Seelye, Professor in Amherst College. New York: Dodd & Mead. This volume contains a series of lectures on the various phases of the subject of foreign missions, and is one which will interest Christians generally. The subject is an important one, and is treated in this book in a masterly manner. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Philadelphia and its Environs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. This book of something more

than a hundred pages, contains more illustrations than pages—illustrations of buildings, or views in Fairmount Park, all of them executed in the highest style of the wood-engraving art, and that is saying a great deal, when wood engraving is proving itself a formidable rival to steel engraving. The book should be in the hands of every stranger who visits our city, while every citizen will, of course, wish to possess a copy.

Ocean Born; or, The Cruise of the Clubs. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Wolf Run; or, The Boys of the Wilderness. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The first of these two volumes belongs to the "Yacht Club" Series, and the second to the "Forest Glen" Series of juvenile books. We do not need to recommend them, for their merits are already sufficiently known.

Ripples of Song. A Collection of Temperance Hymns and Tunes. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. This book has been prepared for the use of Sunday schools, bands of hope, juvenile temples and other juvenile societies. Both music and words are such as will give general satisfaction.

Hints and Helps in our Temperance Work. By Frances E. Willard, Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. The author says, speaking of her work, that the "Hints and Helps" "are the fruit of personal experience, of conversations, letters from ladies and gentlemen prominent in the temperance work, and of a careful examination of documents and current temperance literature." They will prove acceptable to all active workers in the temperance field.

Editor's Department.

Hope for the Inebriate.

THE third Annual Report of the "FRANKLIN REFORMATORY HOME FOR INEBRIATES," situated at 913 and 915 Locust Street, Philadelphia, gives a history of results in the work of trying to reform men who have fallen through intemperance, that cannot fail to surprise all who read it, and convince the most skeptical that it is possible to reclaim inebriates and give them back to society as good and useful citizens.

All efforts to save drunken men, previous to that inaugurated in the establishment of this Christian Home, have failed, except in a few instances, to produce permanent reformation, while nearly one-half of those who have come under the influence of the "Franklin Home" during the past three years are standing firm to-day!

Our limited space will not permit us to give the large extracts from this deeply interesting Report which we should like to present to our readers. It embraces several reports in one—the Secretary's Report; the Report of the Executive Committee in charge; the Report of the Auxiliary Board of Ladies; the Physician's Report, and the Treasurer's Report, besides an introductory paper from the president, Samuel P. Godwin, Esq., and several pages of extracts from letters received from former inmates who have been restored to their families, and are again in business and doing well.

The Report of Dr. Robert P. Harris, the attending physician, is a paper of great value, and gives in careful detail an account of the treatment under which men are placed on entering the Home. We can give a single extract:

"After an experience with more than two hundred cases, we cannot but be astonished at the rapidity with which men recover from sickness of stomach, diarrhoea, loss of appetite, nervous tremors, wakefulness and alcoholic craving, when shut up by themselves, cut off from tobacco and stimulants, limited in the supply of water, fed with special regard to their ability to digest and the requirements of their systems, and made to sleep soundly and well. We scarcely ever now have a case of prolonged or obstinate vomiting, since we have kept men from tobacco and put them upon a minimum allowance of water. Yesterday morning, an inmate admitted the previous day after a debauch of two weeks, complained of a feeling of nausea and inability to take his food; to-day he dined sumptuously, ate enormously at supper, feels remarkably well at bed-time, and will to-morrow have the liberty of the house after but two days of seclusion. We rarely find it necessary to shut up an inmate for a longer time than three days, and have never, even in mania-potu, had a case under lock and key beyond the seventh day, and seldom after the fourth. It is also astonishing how quickly the thirst for whisky leaves the large majority of inmates when treated without it, and under a belief that the best permanent physical restoratives come from the provision dealer, rather than the apothecary. Every day teaches us that there is no remedy that can take the place of food in building up the broken down system of an inebriate, whose exhaustion is in a large proportion of cases due, more or less, to a forced starvation, induced by the effects of whisky in destroying the appetite for a wholesome diet. We are obliged to resort to medicines as indications may require, but they are generally more or less preparatory to enable the inmate to obtain the full benefit of a nutritious diet. The appetite of a healthy inmate borders somewhat upon the marvellous, particularly for two or three weeks after he leaves the infirmary, and the gain in weight has in some instances reached nine pounds in a week."

"I have fully tried in the past the *tapering off* system and thought for a long period that it was the only safe

than Fair-style great mid-be in while y. By ness. Yacht men" com- munity. ance ance been hope, Both atis- By the New tion that ex- gen- of a em- to all

one; but have altered this opinion very materially, and am satisfied with the great improvement in the results obtained. I never resort any more to the use of capsicum, highly peppered soups, hot tea, wormwood tea or other bitter decoctions. One serious objection to the gradual reduction of the use of whisky in any case in a reformatory home, is the fact that the appetite for it is just as much stimulated by the use of one drink as several, and the desire to obtain more can only be restrained by the secure confinement of the inmate until some days shall have elapsed after the administration of the last drink."

The Report of the Auxiliary Board of Ladies, in which is given some account of their work, not only in the Home, but among the families of the men who have been inmates of the Home, cannot fail to be read with the deepest interest. It shows how much is included in the sphere of this noble charity, and how much of its success is due to the earnest and untiring co-operation of the Christian women who have engaged in the work.

The following are extracts from letters received from former inmates. The first is from a gentleman now living abroad, who, previous to his admission to the Home, had sacrificed means, position and happiness of himself, his wife and his children to the demon of intemperance:

"I have great cause for thankfulness to Almighty God for all His mercies, and for His infinite mercy in leading my footsteps to the 'Franklin Home.' No one needed just such a place more than I, for no one has ever fallen lower from a higher estate than myself, and now, with God's mercies insuring the most happy surroundings, with friends and relations rejoicing over my reformation and regeneration, I can only say from a sincere, grateful heart, God bless the Franklin Home and all connected with it! When my beloved wife and myself bow before the Master, we never forget the Home, its managers and inmates."

Another, almost hopeless when he entered the Home, writes:

"It was so different at the Home from anything I had ever met or heard of, that I went away with more strength to resist than ever before. When I came to the Home I could not get a position in Philadelphia, nobody having confidence in me. Since then I have been engaged as foreman in a manufacturing establishment, by the very man that had discharged me several times for drinking, and have been with him a year. I feel more happy and contented now than any time in ten years, and if I had a friend who I found this was taking hold of, I would bring him to the Home, for I believe any one that is sincere can be reformed, and I would recommend any man that needs and desires to reform to go to the Home, as I did."

A gentleman at the head of a large wholesale house in this city, writes:

"My heart is more with the Home than ever. I am as inflexible and resolute in my determination as the day I made my resolve. I have carried out the principle of true temperance to the letter, and will never swerve to the right or the left, let come what may."

There is much that we should like to say about this noble institution, and the work it has so far achieved, but space will not permit. From a small and scarcely noted beginning three years ago, it has grown into large proportions, and achieved marvellous results. Public attention is being more and more drawn toward it, and public spirited men, who have the means and the souls to use them for humanity, are beginning to give liberally for its sustenance. It will need in the future large subscriptions to enable it to minister to the large numbers of hopeless ones who, with a new hope quickening in their hearts, shall come to its doors, and cry out, as so many have done, "Take me in, for God's sake!" May none be turned away for lack of room! But the Home is nearly full now, and must be enlarged without delay, or many will be lost who might be saved.

A copy of this deeply interesting Report will be sent to any one desiring to receive it, if application is made to the Secretary, Mr. John Graff, No. 918 Locust Street, Philadelphia.

The "Difficulties" Removed.

Editor of the Home—DEAR SIR: I hope you will allow me to refer to the article in the Home for March—"Under Difficulties"—and to explain how they have been "removed." That women have, until very recently, been kept out of the professions simply because they were women, "Should," as you say in the article referred to, "call a blush of shame to the face of every narrow-minded professor or member of a faculty, who obtrudes *his little self* in the way of a woman's inborn right to enter upon any field or work for which God has given her a natural fitness." And I am one who believes that one of the most proper "fields" for her to prepare herself to work in, outside of household duties, is the one to which your article has called our attention—that of medicine. And to show that they have about the same view of it, I will mention here that there are now *forty-eight* of them in the department of medicine and surgery in the University of Michigan, situated in this city.

This is a State institution, managed by a board of regents, elected by the people. This board, becoming satisfied of the justness of her cause, and believing that a trial might prove her ability to hold a position side by side with her brothers, opened their doors for the entrance of women several years since. The first one registering her name was a Miss Stockwell, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, February 2d, 1870. There are now one hundred and thirteen women in the University, divided as follows: In the department of Literature, Science and the Arts, sixty; Medicine and Surgery, forty-eight; Law, three; Pharmacy, two. And I may add that the regular reports go to show that, generally, their ability and progress are equal to that of the men.

There is also another point of considerable importance to some, and that is this, through the aid of the United States, by the appropriation of lands in an early day for educational purposes, and by State appropriations, the Regents have been able to offer the privileges of the University of Michigan, "*without charge for tuition*, to all persons, of either sex, who are qualified for admission," no matter from whence they come. (The only charge made by the Board of Regents is a matriculation fee of ten dollars to residents of Michigan, and the sum of twenty-five dollars if from any other State or County—paid only once. Each student also pays the first year, and annually thereafter until graduation, the sum of fifteen dollars if a resident, and twenty dollars if from any other State or County, which is applied toward the incidental expenses.)

To remove all objections which have been heretofore raised against the study of anatomy in mixed classes, and yet "recognizing the equality of rights of both sexes to the highest educational advantages, the Board of Regents have made provision for the medical education of women, by authorizing a course of instruction for them separate, but in all respects equal to that heretofore given to men alone." Both courses are pursued at the same time, and the conditions of admission and of graduation are the same.

Thus it may be seen that American women need no longer labor "under the difficulties" of going to Germany, and dressing in men's apparel, in order to obtain a thorough medical education.

The whole number of students in the University at this time will show its popularity. In the department of Medicine and Surgery there are three hundred and seventy; Law, three hundred and forty-five; Literature, Science and the Arts, four hundred and seventy-six—one thousand one hundred and ninety-one. The terms of the two first-named departments close from the 25th to the 28th of March, the latter about the same time in June. All commence October 1st of each year.

This is not written as an advertisement, nor with the knowledge, even, of the Regents, but purely for the benefit of the women, many of whom desire greater literary privileges than they can obtain where they

live, or at other colleges; but I trust you will excuse me for saying, to save myself the trouble of answering letters of inquiry as to the necessary qualifications for admission, cost of board, etc., that all inquiries should be addressed to H. D. Bennett, Steward of the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor; and I will only add, that I hope the time is not far distant when the privileges of all universities and colleges will be opened alike to women as to men.

A. W. CHASE, M. D.

Ann Arbor, Mich., March 13, 1875.

Mental Culture in Women.

TOO many women of fair culture and intelligence gradually lose, after marriage, their interest in intellectual things and cease to grow mentally. The causes of this are various, but may chiefly be found in a too great absorption of the mind in domestic and maternal cares, and in too prolonged and wearying household duties, bringing as they must both mental and physical exhaustion. The loss which every woman sustains who thus ceases to grow intellectually, is always very great, and both husband and children are, in their measure, partakers of the loss.

Referring to this subject, in a recent number of *The Household*, Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR, who always writes clearly and well no matter what the theme she touches, says:

"The woman who, in the early days of her married life, lowers the standard she had set up for herself in her girlhood, will find it very difficult to raise it again. If she loses the habit of reading, if she loses her quick, bright interest in whatever is going on in the world of science, and literature, and art, in the philanthropic and educational movements of the day, and in all the wide circles of human thought and human life, she is not likely to find it again. But some day she will wake up to find her own children far in advance of her, and her influence over them waning rapidly. I do not mean, in the least, that she needs to keep pace with them in their studies, though even to do that is a good thing for both. She need not begin studying Greek verbs because her boys are 'fitting for college.' I refer simply to the general tone and habit of her life—to the atmosphere which surrounds her, and which she finds congenial. I refer to the *habit of growth*, without which a man or a woman will degenerate, just as surely as the tree degenerates when it ceases to grow. It may live a long time—but mere life is something quite distinct from healthy growth."

"Something is surely wrong in the plan of that life from which intellectual and spiritual culture is crowded out. The man who comes in from his office, his store, his farm, night after night, to find his house in nice order, an inviting supper waiting for him, his children clean and well-clothed, but his wife so tired that she would go straight to bed if she could—Alas! she cannot, because, as I have said, there is her work-basket full to overflowing—may make up his mind that there is a mistake somewhere. I am making no plea for idleness, no plea for mere pleasure-seeking. Every wife, high or low, rich or poor, in palace or in cottage, should strive to be a 'helpmeet' to her husband. But being a helpmeet does not mean being a mere drudge. It does not mean working like a galley-slave for one's board and clothing—poor clothing, too, very often. It does not mean the sacrifice of all a woman's tastes, and the loss of all her bloom and freshness. And more than all, it does not mean a rude awakening from all the happy dreams that were hers when she placed her hand in that of the man she loved, and went out into the world with him. Some husbands and wives are so busy that they have no time to love each other, no time for the interchange of the small, sweet courtesies, without which wedded life is like the salt that has lost its savor."

Atlantic City.

RAPID express trains have made this attractive seaside resort almost a suburb of Philadelphia, and during the hot summer months many of our business men reside there with their families, going down in the afternoon and returning to the city in the morning. The large number of fine cottages which have been built there during the past few years, give the place an elegant appearance. Atlantic City is becoming more and more a favorite resort for the people.

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Book-Buying Department.

We give below a list of new books, published since our last issue, any of which will be mailed, postage free, on receipt of the price.

THE UNDIVINE COMEDY, and other Poems. By Count Sigismund Krasinski (the Anonymous Poet of Poland.) 12mo. Fine cloth, \$2.25.

WYNNOTE. By Mrs. Thomas Erskine. (Leisure Hour Series.) \$1.25.

A NORSEMAN'S PILGRIMAGE. By H. H. Boyesen. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

FOUR YEARS IN ASIANTEE. By the Missionaries Ramseyer and Kuhne. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.75.

CONSTANTINOPLE. From the French of Theophile Gautier. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.00.

THE GREEN GATE. A Romance. From the German of Ernst Wichert, by Mrs. A. L. Wister, Translator of "The Old Man's Secret," "Gold Else," "Hulda," etc. 12mo. Fine cloth, \$1.75.

THE ABUSE OF MATERNITY. Through its Rejection and through its Unwise Acceptance. By Mrs. Elizabeth E. Evans. 12mo. Fine cloth, \$1.00.

MORFORD'S AMERICAN GUIDE. Short Trip Guide to America. By Henry Morford. Edition of 1875, Revised and Enlarged. 16mo. Bound in cloth, blue and gold, \$1.00.

BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON AND TEA. By Marian Harland. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.75.

A DOUBLE STORY. By George MacDonald. 18mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

SHIFTLESS FOLKS. An Undiluted Love Story. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.75.

A WOMAN IN ARMOR. By Mary Hartwell. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

ART LIFE AND THEORIES OF RICHARD WAGNER. By Edward L. Burlingame. 12mo. Cloth, \$2.00.

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